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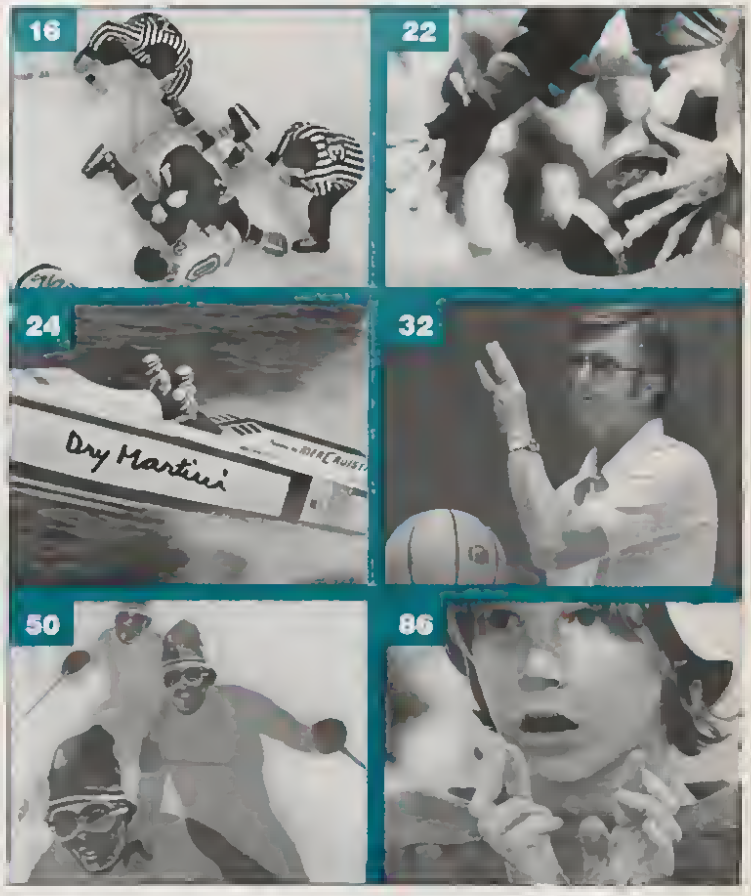
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CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 17, 1975 *Volume 43, No. 20*
Cover Photograph by Dan Baliotti



16 Wanted: No More Mayhem
The time is long overdue for hockey to stop encouraging vicious behavior
by Rey Kennedy

22 A Steel Bit Drills Them
Things looked bad, but with 38 seconds left the Steelers hit pay dirt on the Oilers
by Ron Reid

24 Battle of the Beverages
Brazilian coffee won Key West's offshore powerboat showdown over a Dry Martini
by Coles Phinizy

32 Pursued by a Long Shadow
With John Wooden retired, Gene Bartow must coach against a legend at UCLA
by Sem Moses

40 Darrell Should Win as Often
Compared to the coach of the Longhorns, Texas A&I's Gil Steinke is true royalty
by Edwin Shreke

50 Easy as One Two Ski
After years of going downhill, the sport comes up with a new technique
by Anita Verschoth

86 Taking the Fun Out
Obsessed adults in little league football can wring the game dry of its joys
by John Underwood

The Departments

11 Scorecard
60 College Football
70 Horse Racing
78 Tennis
103 For the Record
104 19th Hole

Credits on page 103

Next Week

A GRAND TOUR of some of the hotbeds of college basketball is being made by the Russian national team. Joe Jares reports on the Soviets' series with Olympian implications.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS, recalled yesterday's tennis heroes at this year's Forest Hills George Plimpton listened and recorded their reminiscences along with some sharp judgments

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Skiing in a sinuous line down the slopes of Stowe, Vt. last January, the U.S. demonstration team drew quite a crowd for its final workout. And except for three minor details, the onlookers were rewarded with an exhibition of perfect technique. But it was the imperfections that prompted a spectator to sidle up to Max Lundberg of Alta, Utah, who had coached the team to Rockette-like precision. "The first 10 skiers really have got it all together," said the spectator. "It's those three at the end of the line who are goofing you up." Lundberg calmly heard the man out, then explained that the last three skiers definitely were not going to make the traveling team to the Interski instructors' congress in Czechoslovakia. "That's the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED crew," he said. "They're unlearning a few things."



LUNDBERG (LEFT) TALKS TECHNIQUE WITH NOVICE GANGEL

Unlearning is right. And they were doing it with the help of the American Ski Technique, an explanation of which begins on page 50. Using the new technique, the members of our crew discovered how effortless the sport can be, particularly when they followed Lundberg's easy-does-it instructions. For beginning skiers, the technique is ideal, and for intermediates, it solves nagging problems.

The ragged three at the end of the slalom line were Senior Editor Bob Ottum, Writer-Reporter Anita Verschoth and Artist Don Moss. All of them are avid skiers. Ottum and Moss hit the upper-intermediate bracket on those days when the wind is right, the temperature is moderate, the sun is out and the snow is perfect. Verschoth skis at a more modest intermediate level. And a fourth SI staffer was on hand, working on a nearby learning slope. He was Art Director Dick Gangel, a 6′3″ novice on shortie skis who was using the American technique to learn the basics of the sport. With this combination of abilities, our foursome was able to test how the system works for skiers at various levels.

Applying the wide-stance, step-around method, Gangel negotiated the beginners' slope at the end of his first lesson. Verschoth made enough progress to be able to run the hill nonstop, occasionally using the instructors as slalom gates. Ottum started unlearning an oldtime windup, rotating turn, a move during which he looks like the Red Sox' Luis Tiant gyrating toward the centerfield fence before delivering a pitch. And Moss got his skiing under control so quickly that he soon was able to take out his camera and sketchbook and begin the illustrations for the article.

Lundberg graciously endured it all. The American technique is so easy to follow and master that he never doubted it would pass our staffers' test. Lundberg's system offers solace for skiers everywhere. Anyone who has ever despaired of skiing well should give it a try. It works.

Jack Meyer



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

WOULD YOU BELIEVE A PORTRAIT OF JOE NAMATH AS A PRECIOUS LITTLE ANGEL?

Did you know that Joe Namath, just like George Washington, cannot tell a lie? Of such tales are American legends made, and such tales abound in the pages of *Namath: My Son Joe* (Oxmoor House, $7.95).

The book is the work of Rose Namath Szolnoki (I confess to some wonderment at the phenomenon of a divorced woman using her first husband's name as her middle name) and Bill Kushner, a whilom quarterback who once spent enough time in the Jets' camp to get the proverbial cup of coffee. It ain't great literature, but it sure does tug the old heart.

We learn here, for example, the source of Namath's famous sunny disposition. It seems that as a wee lad he refused his bottle, but Mom came to the rescue: "Finally, I heated up some milk and put a secret ingredient in it, and from that time on he was a precious little angel. No, no matter what Joey says now, that secret ingredient wasn't Johnny Walker Red, it was just plain sugar."

That's a pretty good example of the Szolnoki-Kushner prose style, which fairly oozes maternal devotion; the book would, perhaps, be most enjoyably read if accompanied by a nice hot bowl of chicken soup. To wit, this description of Bear Bryant: "He certainly had a forceful personality, but after I got over my nervousness, I saw a little twinkle in his eye and I suspected that deep down inside he was really just a Teddy bear."

But when the Jets won the Super Bowl Mom outdid herself. For Joey's triumphant return to Beaver Falls, she prepared a special greeting: "I had spent several days making a beautiful sign to put up across the front porch railing, and as I walked into the front yard I couldn't help but admire my handwork. In New York Jets green I had painted a literary masterpiece: 'Welcome Home Mommie's Hero!'"

If you haven't dissolved by now into a puddle of satisfied sentiment, be advised that there's more, lots more. In *Namath: My Son Joe*, you can read all about Our Hero's cute boyhood escapades, his rapid leap to high-school football stardom, his courtship by hordes of college recruiters. Oh, Joey does a naughty thing from time to time, but usually he ends up promising Mom he won't do it again—"and Joe never lies."

What I wonder is: If Joe was so embarrassed by Mom's Super Bowl sign that he hid it in the garage, what's he going to do with all the copies of this book? END

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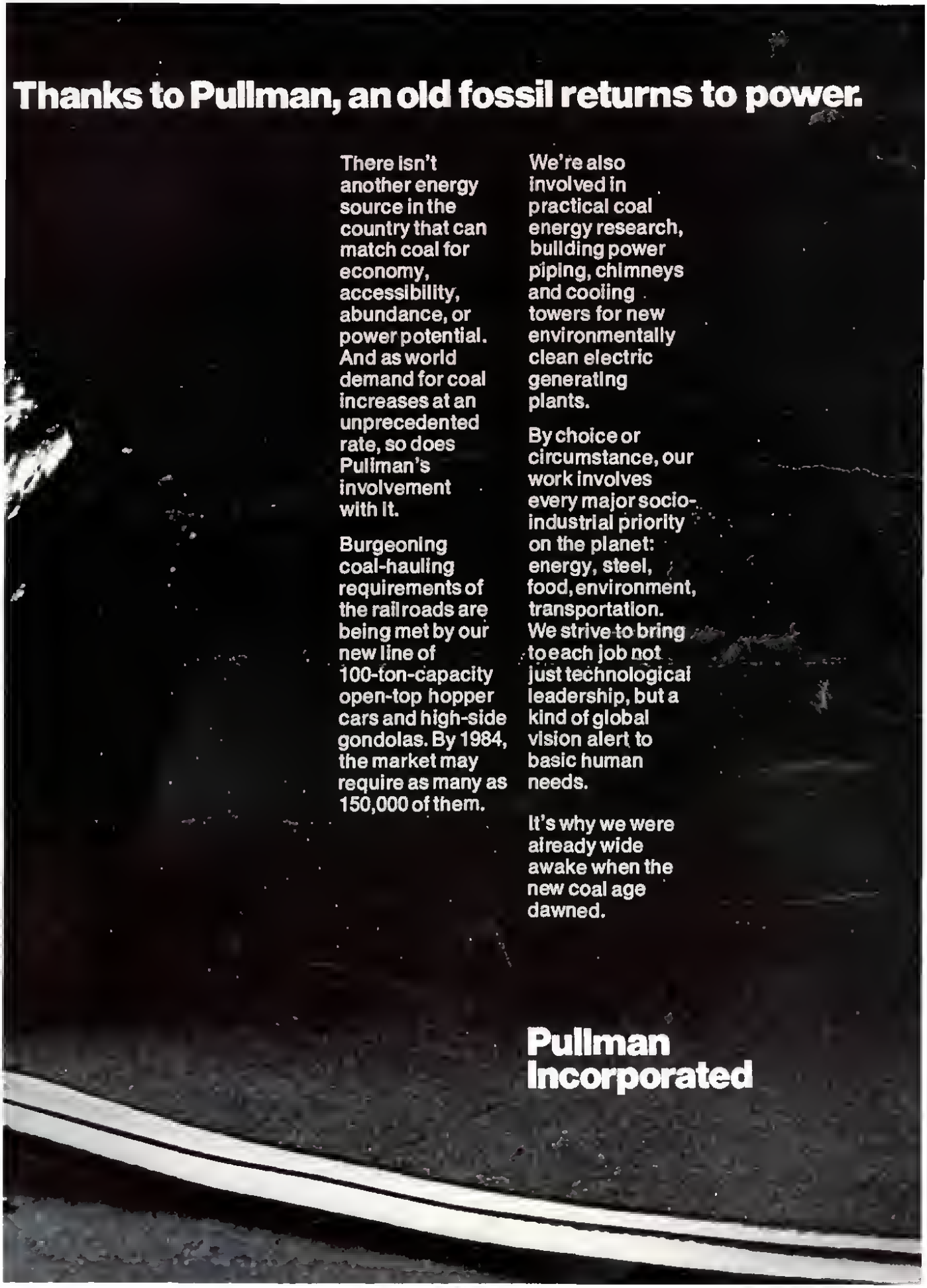


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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THROUGH THE ROOF

There is a genuine fear in Montreal that the Olympic Stadium complex will not be completed in time for the opening day of the Games next July 17. Essential arenas, including the main stadium, will be ready enough for competition to take place—assuming no more work stoppages—but there will be few frills. The much-publicized retractable roof may not be ready, nor the main mast that supports it, nor the landscaping that surrounds the stadium.

"We haven't any time to waste," says Roger Rousseau, head of the organizing committee. "We need all the help we can get." Asked about the stadium roof, he says, "The Games don't need a roof."

Widespread criticism of Olympic planning in Canada is centering now on the fee being paid the architect, Roger Taillibert of France. Reports say that Taillibert's fee, based on a percentage of the cost of construction, may reach $40 million, which would be four times the highest architect's fee ever paid in North America. It is also more than all 1,200 members of the Order of Architects of Quebec made as a group in 1974, which doesn't make things any easier for Montreal's belcaguered Olympic planners.

MASTER PLAN

As Indiana University moved into the final minutes of its resounding 94–78 win over the touring Soviet Union basketball team, a sign appeared in the crowd saying, TODAY THE WORLD, TOMORROW THE BIG TEN.

SEEING RED

The firing of Bob Prince as broadcaster of Pittsburgh Pirate games after 28 years on the job moved Red Barber, the doyen of the trade, to comment that there would be little future in the business today for a young Red Barber, who gained his reputation as an impartial reporter. "I was fortunate that I came along at a time when radio was very new," he says. "The clubs, the ad agencies, the sponsors didn't pay that much attention to us. We were allowed to broadcast as we wished. Now, in too many cases, that freedom has been taken away. Reporting has been replaced by selling.

"I feel ours is a sick civilization. All we want to do is sell the merchandise. Our country bows down to the god of Mammon. All money. All power. It doesn't matter if it's the government, the legal profession, broadcasting—it's all the same package. Everybody is contaminated by it. Broadcasting is merely a symptom.

"I'm not happy to see a man fired, but when I saw the story about Prince I said to myself, 'He was fortunate to last 28 years.' There won't be any more who will last that long."

BOWLED PAST

For more than 30 years Eddie Robinson of Grambling has been turning out remarkable football teams and sending star after star into professional ranks. His 244 victories are second only to Bear Bryant's 250 among active college coaches. This season another fine Grambling team is 8-1. And this year, as in all years past, Robinson's Tigers will almost certainly be overlooked by the bowl selection committees.

More pragmatic than Red Barber, Robinson understands the situation. "I'm a believer in the American dream," he says, "and I know it's the all-American dollar that gets things done." He would like the bowl people to know that Grambling attracted 61,571 to the New Orleans Superdome and 46,419 to Houston's Astrodome this season. The game in the Astrodome with Texas Southern drew better than any other college game played that weekend in Texas and its neighboring states. That includes Texas-SMU, Alabama-Mississippi State and LSU-Mississippi.

Even with these figures to argue Grambling's worth at the box office, the realistic Robinson remains conciliatory. "I'd like to get that bowl bid this year," he says, "but if it doesn't happen, then maybe next year." As though to add insult to his own injury, he continues, "I like to think that maybe someday, somebody will say, 'If we can't get anybody else, well, how about Grambling?' "

Judging from the way the bowl committees have acted in the past, that's about how it will have to happen.

HEEDLESS HORSEMAN

There were some magnificent performances at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden last week, but nothing that quite matched an ecdysial



event at the Washington International Horse Show a week earlier. It was Halloween night. Someone found a large plastic pumpkin. An idea germinated. Several impish exhibitors chipped in $750 and with it persuaded a rider to carry out their devilish plan. Wearing nothing but boots and the pumpkin, the ghostly figure raced his mount out of the chute, over the jumps and swiftly back into the stable area. The crowd was amused, the horse show committee horrified—more or less. "I haven't a clue who it was," said Show President Bruce Sundlun, who then added, in the spirit of Halloween, "but he was one hell of a rider."

BOY AND GIRLS TOGETHER

In South Bend the final game of the sectional playoffs leading to the Indiana girls' volleyball championships was a one-boy show. Clay High School, with

continued

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AMC Gremlin

five girls and 6′3″ Brian Goralski, creamed Riley High's all-girl team, 15–7.

Brian plays girls' volleyball because 1) he hopes for a volleyball scholarship to Ball State and 2) Clay has no boys' volleyball team and 3) Brian needs a competitive record. Under the constitution of the Indiana High School Athletic Association, a boy or girl cannot be excluded from a sport if his or her school has no program in that sport for his or her sex. The rule was established in 1972 by order of the State Supreme Court after a girl had sued to be allowed to play on a boys' golf team.

Armed with a copy of the Title IX guidelines and the advice of counsel, a two-person contingent from tiny all-girl St. Mary's Academy of South Bend (not a contender), consisting of Principal Paul Deignan and Athletic Director Linda O'Leary, petitioned the commissioner of the IHSAA, Phil Eskew, to issue a directive eliminating boys from the volleyball championships on the grounds that Title IX, being federal legislation, supersedes and invalidates the state's rule. The commissioner has refused, saying, in effect, "So sue me."

St. Mary's argued that under Title IX guidelines, which went into effect in July, it is not necessary that there be comparable programs for males and females, merely comparable opportunities, and since boys in South Bend have the opportunity to participate in tennis, cross-country and football in the fall, they need not be admitted to girls' volleyball teams.

"We probably can't do anything about these volleyball championships," admitted O'Leary, "but we hope we can stop them from playing girls' softball in the spring."

The irony of the situation lies in the fact that the guidelines for enforcing Title IX were a disappointment to women sports activists. They saw "equal opportunities" instead of substantial programs as a watering down of the original intent of Title IX. Now St. Mary's is ready to go to court in defense of a girls' sport, and the basis of its case, which may be the first anywhere under Title IX, will be one of the "weak" provisions of the same guidelines.

LIKE IT IS

Leonard Tose, owner of the Philadelphia Eagles, whose 1-7 record is a major disappointment of the National Football League season, was refreshingly frank during a radio interview between halves of an Eagle loss. When Sportscaster Al Wester made some optimistic remarks about progress, Tose replied flatly, "In seven years we haven't made any progress at all." Wester commented on how well the Eagles had played before losing on a last-second field goal. "But they beat us," Tose said, "and that's the point." Again, Wester tried to console Tose, but the owner said, "I think you've been too kind—we've slipped a lot. I wish I could give our fans a little better football than we've been giving them."

IT FITS

An Associated Press story out of San Francisco read: "Bob Hayes, once known as the World's Fastest Shoeman, was cut loose from the San Francisco 49ers Wednesday."

PACKING IT IN?

Rumors persist, in spite of the denials of West Coast athletic directors, that the Pac-8, reorganized out of the old Pacific Coast Conference in 1959, will soon be disbanded. Imbalance between the four chronically weak Oregon and Washington schools and the four usually contending California teams is becoming more and more pronounced. The four northern teams together have won only two games from California teams during the past two seasons.

The speculation is that Washington State, Oregon and Oregon State would end up in the Western Athletic Conference. The University of Washington's future is a puzzle. But it is no secret that USC wants a divorce, and that would probably lead to independent status for the other California schools as well. If that happens, the Rose Bowl, too, would have to make some adjustments.

HIGH NOTES

Everybody seems to have a high school team or two that has done something exceptional. Cathedral High of Indianapolis, for instance, breaks winning streaks. Two years ago Cathedral upset powerful Bloomington South, then the best high school football team in Indiana, after Bloomington had won 60 straight games. This season it knocked off Washington High of Indianapolis, the defending state champions, after Washington had won 24 in a row. Cathedral should set up a game with Hudson High (Hi there, Jack Armstrong) of Hudson, Mich., which ended its regular-season schedule with its 71st straight victory to tie the national scholastic record set a decade ago by Jefferson City (Mo.) High.

Then there is Madras High of Madras, Ore., which should be consulted whenever the question of football tie breakers comes up. Some states have systems to decide high school games that end up tied in regulation time. Oregon is such a state, as Madras knows all too well. Madras finished its first game of the season 0–0, but lost 6–0 in overtime. It tied its second game 6–6, but lost 12–6 after two overtimes. It tied its third game 16–16, this time taking three overtimes to lose 28–22. It lost its fourth game and won its fifth in regulation but, after that interlude, got back to work. It tied its sixth game 6–6, losing in overtime 14–12, and tied its seventh 12–12, finally winning one in overtime 15–12. At that point Madras' record was 2-5. With a little luck it could have been 6-1. With no tie breaker it would have been 1-1-5. Are ties common in that part of Oregon? The last time Madras had a tie game was seven years ago.

In another overtime story, this one from Kansas, Haviland High beat Skyline 62–60 after three overtimes. Bryan Kendall of Haviland had 56 of his eight-man team's 62 points, including all 20 that Haviland scored in overtime. At the other end of the scoring scale is Bethel Local High of Brandt, Ohio, which finished a second consecutive winless season with its 22nd straight defeat. Optimistic Coach Larry Giangulio points out that things looked better this year. Last season his Bees were outscored 544–0. This year it was only 371–45.

THEY SAID IT

- Ken Harrelson, former major-leaguer who failed three times to qualify for the professional golf tour: "In baseball you hit your home run over the right-field fence, the left-field fence, the center-field fence. Nobody cares. In golf everything has got to be right over second base."
- Jack Rudnay, Kansas City Chiefs center, who finished a game after breaking his hand, asked when he broke it. "I don't know. I wasn't watching the clock."
- Hank Peters, newly appointed general manager of the Baltimore Orioles, who was twice fired by Charles O. Finley: "I taught Charlie all he knows about baseball. That's why I keep asking myself where I went wrong." **END**

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RANGER

Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 17, 1975



WANTED: AN END TO MAYHEM

Pro hockey's encouragement of brawling has led to severely injured players, court cases and the demeaning of an entire sport

by RAY KENNEDY

Remember Dave Forbes? You know, the Boston hockey player who was tried in a criminal court this summer for assaulting an opponent, the man who touched off the outcry for an end to the "senseless violence" committed in the name of sport.

Though some people may have been so rash as to interpret Forbes' trial as a stern and ominous warning, a National Hockey League spokesman dismissed it as "an unusual aberration that does not escalate any fears we may have of a recurrence." In other words, it was almost unthinkable that a professional hockey player would ever again be hauled before a judge for an act of violence that occurred during the course of a game.

If so, then what exactly was that little set-to in Toronto last week when the Detroit Red Wings' Dan Maloney felled the Maple Leafs' Brian Glennie with a flying punch from the side and then bounced his head on the ice two times for good measure? A *usual* aberration?

Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry did not think so. He has charged Maloney with "assault causing bodily harm" and ordered the left wing to appear in a Toronto criminal court on

continued



Dec. 4. It should be an interesting hearing. Maloney, whose attack put Glennie in the hospital overnight with a mild concussion, holds that he was merely administering just retribution for the upending body check that Glennie had put on Red Wing Center Bryan Hextall moments earlier. In Maloney's judgment—but evidently not the referee's, as no penalty was indicated—the check was "too hard."

The fact that Maloney was assessed a five-minute major penalty and a $50 fine seemed censure enough to Red Wings Coach Doug Barkley. "Why is McMurtry picking on hockey?" he protested. "The NHL is the best-run league of any major sport. The league has done an excellent job running itself." Ever the good sport, Maloney says that he was just trying to help Glennie get up.

Given the benefit of the doubt, that the movers and shakers of hockey had somehow forgotten the warning of the Dave Forbes trial, there is no way they could have ignored the alarm bells that have been sounded in recent weeks. Just six games into the new season Bobby Hull, the Winnipeg Jets' left wing, sat out a game as a protest against the "brutality" and malicious attacks on his teammates. "If something isn't done soon," declared Hull, the World Hockey Association's all-time leading goal scorer, "it will ruin the game for all of us. I've never seen so much vicious stuff going on."

Neither had Attorney General McMurtry. Only one week before the Maloney incident he ordered provincial attorneys and police to rigorously enforce the law against "clear breaches of the criminal code" on the ice. A follow-up to a scathing indictment of pro hockey in an investigative report ordered by the Ontario legislature, the crackdown was partly intended to cross-check the acts of violence that McMurtry says "are obviously a very bad example for young kids who ape the professionals."

The reaction of Harold Ballard, president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, is typical of how gravely concerned the NHL was about the latest flurry of public outrage. Of McMurtry's announced plan to have law-enforcement officers patrol games in Maple Leaf Gardens (two police sergeants, acting as McMurtry's observers, did in fact witness and file a report on the Maloney incident), Ballard had said, "If they pay for a ticket when they come in I don't care how many people they bring."

At a time when hockey is in dire need of some good old-fangled straight talk, Ballard stands ready to provide it. In fact, it is ironic that shortly before one of his own players was cut down last week, he more than any other NHL overseer strove to candidly and fearlessly tell it like it will be this season. In announcing last month that he was placing seven of his players on the trading block, Ballard cut right through to the core of things. "We've got to mold a lineup that can take on a bunch of goons," he said. "I'm looking for guys you toss raw meat to and they will go wild."

To say that his remarks are tasteless, an insult to the players, the fans and the game, is to underestimate the disregard many guardians of professional sports have for the public conscience. And to suggest that Ballard's words are ill-timed is to ignore the hard truth that it is difficult to find a time when hockey has not been under attack for fostering brutality, and more difficult to find any substantial moves on the league's part to stop it.

"I've been a part of it," says Hull, who has spent 18 storied seasons in the NHL and the WHA. "But if there were the proper people in the front offices and in coaching, this wouldn't be going on. Don't tell me there aren't guys around who want to play hockey the way it should be played. Instead of making hockey a better game, we're tolerating people and things that are forcing a deterioration of the game."

That being the case, why shouldn't Ballard have mouthed off a little, especially if he could blame his team's poor performance on the naughty example set by those "goons" called the Philadelphia Flyers? The fact that the NHL's most penalized team for the past four seasons has also won two straight Stanley Cups and is the hottest draw on the ice is not lost on the money changers. The rationale seems to be something like this: if violence is what it takes to win these days, and winning violently is what makes the turnstiles sing, then bring on the raw meat.

Publicly, of course, depending on who hits who first in any given game, there will be the usual protestations about "back-alley tactics" on the one side and the championing of "aggressive skills" on the other. In fact, more than a mere division of opinion, these contradictory pronouncements by the NHL hierarchy serve only to point out a distressing lack of direction. Consider this sampling of statements from the current year:

January: "There are *not* more fights in hockey now. It just seems more intensified because of the exposure on TV."

February: Without "any doubt, this has been our worst year ever for sheer violence on the ice."

March: "Fighting is a well-established safety valve for players against other types of violence which would be more vicious and damaging. Insofar as it is part of the show, certainly we sell it."

May: "Fighting is a disadvantage to selling the game. It disrupts the flow of play and is no attraction for the fan who understands the game."

July: "The only thing that is violent about hockey is the language."

What is so extraordinary about these remarks is that they were all made by one man, *the* man, NHL President Clarence S. Campbell. Significantly, the first was made shortly after Forbes was indicted by a Hennepin County, Minn. grand jury, and the last was delivered a few days before the trial ended in a hung jury.

Like Forbes, the NHL could count the mistrial as a victory, especially after County Attorney Gary Flakne announced that the case would not be retried because a "deep split" in public opinion made a unanimous verdict unlikely. Faced with the most dire and tangible challenge yet to their control of the sport, Campbell & Co. may have thought they escaped with their authority not only intact but strengthened against outside intervention.

But that was a no-decision, not an exoneration, and the evidence that hung the jury was a powerful indictment of the present state of the sport. As the trial wound on for 10 days it was evident that, more than a hockey player, it was hockey itself that was on trial. And make no mistake, the sport of hockey as performed and promoted at the professional level was found guilty.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN BALIOTTI

That verdict was rendered right at the outset by, ironically, the man who was hired to defend Forbes. Defense Attorney Ron Meshbesher lost no time identifying the culprit who turns athletes into muggers. It is hockey, he emphasized time and again, that teaches a player "from the age of four on, 'Don't let the other player intimidate you' or otherwise your teammates will think you are chicken or you are yellow." It is hockey, Meshbesher said, that preaches "Win! win! win! at any cost." And it is hockey, he established in his cross-examination (*Meshbesher*: "How many hockey players have a full set of teeth?" *Boucha*. "There's a few"), that tolerates "injuries requiring sutures at least three out of four games" and pursues a "quest for violence" that results in "players getting maimed, some even dying."

Though overdramatized, Meshbesher's defense caused more than a few of the newsmen at the trial to privately characterize Forbes as the Lieutenant Calley of hockey, a foot soldier forced to suffer the consequences of a battle plan ordered by the NHL brass.

Lest the jury, many of whom had never seen a hockey game, be obliged to "decide this case in a vacuum," Meshbesher at one point attempted to show a North Star highlights film of the previous season. Though Judge Rolf Fosseen ruled it inadmissible because he felt it was not "truly representative" of the sport, the promotional film left no doubt as to what the North Star management felt was important: Meshbesher revealed that 20 of its 26 minutes of "highlights" were devoted to brawling.

Instead, Meshbesher called Boston Coach Don Cherry to the stand and led him through a vivid portrayal of the "riled up" world of big-time hockey. Cherry said that the game in question was "explosive," that the Bruins' road trip was their "worst in the last five years and the pressure was really on." Confronted by a "hostile crowd" and under fire by the Boston press, Cherry "drummed into" his players the threat that if they did not "hit and take the body, they won't be around long."

The "Jekyll-Hyde effect," as Meshbesher put it, that this kind of pressure can have on a player was underscored by Forbes. "The first thing we are taught is to stand up and fight," he testified. "We learn that if a player is beaten up badly enough he will lose his desire to win. Yes, we see an awful lot of blood during a game."

Gentle, genial and intelligent throughout the trial, Forbes seemed a walking contradiction of the ritualized mayhem being described, a fact that jurors later admitted was the chief reason he was not convicted. The impression was that if he was the gory assassin depicted by the prosecution, then obviously some sort of transformation took place on the ice. Forbes allowed as much when, in a phone conversation recounted by Meshbesher, he apologized to Boucha, saying, "I didn't mean to do it. You know, you get crazy in the course of a game."

Meshbesher, accustomed to representing murderers and other assorted cutthroats, skillfully defended Forbes by weaving a defense that in effect was a plea that his client was not guilty by reason of temporary insanity. That stand was supported by Forbes in private conversations. After one trying day in court, he flopped down on a sofa in his suite at the Northstar Inn to ruminate: "What would make me do such a thing? I don't have an answer for that. I do know I was a little punchy, a little lost that night. Then, when Boucha punched me early in the first period, I remember thinking, 'What's this? Things aren't bad enough that now I have to catch it from this guy?' I was probably a little embarrassed, humiliated. I'd been put down, made to look like a fool, and I felt that I had to prove myself so the coach would think better of me. So I kept pumping myself. I could feel my stomach going . . . and then it happened."

"What can I say? I guess it was a reflex action. There's an old saying in hockey, the time you get in trouble is when you think. Actually, there's no time to think. It's a continuous battle. Lots of times players can't account for their actions."

Initially even Boucha, though afflicted with double vision, a fractured eye socket and a 25-stitch gash, expressed a similar acceptance of the mayhem. "I don't take it personally," he said. "It's part of the game. I'll testify in Forbes' behalf if they want me to." But later, after being sidelined for nine weeks and with his career in jeopardy, Boucha confessed, "I have mixed emotions about this whole thing. If Forbes did it intentionally, I don't know what to think of him. Sure I'm bitter. I think the league should have handled this, not have it in the courts. But they're not handling it."

NHL permissiveness is in fact the main reason why the Forbes incident did end up in the courts, an extreme action that practically no one favors and anyone could prevent. Yet as long as Clarence Campbell keeps saying things like "There'll always be fighting in hockey" and "You don't change a successful formula," further litigation looms as a very real threat.

Another Campbell truism—"If violence ceases to exist, it will not be the same game"—suggests that he has never really pondered what hockey might be

continued



like without all the cheap shots and brawls. Prosecutor Flakne has. "I sometimes wonder," he mused during a break in the trial, "when I see the Russian and Olympic teams with their emphasis on teamwork, finesse and passing, why it is necessary to get into needless fights."

Others, too, seem disgruntled about the sport's changing style of play that has evidenced itself in penalty statistics. In 1967-68, the season in which the NHL first expanded from six teams, Barclay Plager of the St. Louis Blues was the league's leading bad man with 153 penalty minutes, a game average of 3.1 minutes; last season Philadelphia's Dave Schultz recorded 472 minutes, a 6.2 average. The Boston Bruins were the most penalized team that first season with a total of 1,043 penalty minutes (14.1 average); last season Philadelphia's total was 1,969 minutes (24.6 average). After one jarring collision with Philadelphia's notorious Mean Machine, Brad Park, then of the New York Rangers, observed, "Until this series I always considered a hockey fight something that happened after a flare-up. But with the Flyers, we find that fights are started deliberately." Indeed, the two-fisted crudities that the Boston Bruins adopted in the late 1960s, the Philadelphia Flyers have refined into a new martial art: selective, premeditated violence. Students of the dark craft conclude that the motto of Philadelphia's designated hitters is "strike only when behind and always at a star."

And why not? says Schultz, the Flyers' most celebrated bullyboy. "It makes sense to try and take out a guy who's more important to his team than I am to mine. If I take out Brad Park, that's not a bad trade, is it?"

Darn right it is because instead of seeing a gifted player perform, fans are forced to watch a petty mugging. The question here is: What kind of audience is hockey trying to satisfy? Philadelphia's Bobby Clarke says he knows: "If they cut down on violence, people won't come out to watch. Let's face it, more people come out to see Dave Schultz than Bobby Orr. It's a reflection of our society. People want to see violence."

If so, it is a sad requiem for a great sport. But there is a confusion of terms here. If by violence Clarke means the hard, aggressive play that fans enjoy in all contact sports, he may have a point; but if he means the calculated fistfights or mindless stick swinging, then he is woefully wrong. Among other things, polls have repeatedly shown that the vast majority of fans prefer hockey without the hokum. (True, in questions of taste, people tend to upgrade their real preferences to impress friends as well as pollsters, but that vaguest of suspicions seems to be the only reason why hockey feels compelled to sell violence.)

As for the reflection-of-society claim, it is too simple to say that the assassins pictured on the sports pages are the reverse side of the assassins on the front page. If sports violence is glorified, if it seems oversold, it is the media that must share a portion of the blame. For instance, the same day that *The New York Times* devoted the second page of its sports section to a long article on violence based on the Forbes affair, on the first page it ran a photograph of two hockey players duking it out on the ice. NBC was also guilty of catering to baser instincts when it not only used a film clip of a fight to promote its NHL Game of the Week but signed Ted Lindsay, one of hockey's legendary hit men, to do the color commentary. Terrible Ted knew what he was there for and he delivered. His sensitive appraisal of one stick-swinging skirmish: "That's layin' the ol' lumber on 'im! The hockey stick is the great equalizer!"

But Lindsay is gone now and so, too, this season is NBC's nationwide hockey coverage, a victim of puny ratings. Generally deaf to criticism, the NHL does pay attention to public response when it is measurable in dollars and cents. Even so, if the 30 years of Campbell's reign are any criteria, there is little hope for immediate change. Campbell has been making conciliatory noises for years—in 1955 when Maurice Richard stick-whipped a rival and then hit a linesman twice in the face, in 1956 when Doug Harvey hacked Red Sullivan in the stomach with his stick and ruptured Sullivan's spleen. . . . And on and on into the 1970s, the "golden age" of hockey when there have been attacks on the rinks that would not be tolerated in the parking lots. Like the night Vic Hadfield, then of the Rangers, swung at Linesman Alan Glaspell, or the time Atlanta's Dan Bouchard assaulted Referee Dave Newell. In any other sport such outrages would result in the offender being thrown out of the league or, at the very least, barred for most or all of the season. Hadfield and Bouchard, by Campbell's decree, did not have to miss a single game.

Incredibly, instead of swift and stern discipline, Campbell offers praise. "I think the players play with fantastic restraint," he says, and to prove that the NHL version of hockey is "socially acceptable" he notes with some pride that the Forbes affair was "only the second time we have had civil problems." (Actually it was the third time. The first involved two separate trials in 1970 in which Ted Green and the late Wayne Maki were both acquitted in Ottawa after a vicious stick-flailing clash. The second occurred in 1973 when Philadel-



phia's Bob Taylor, one of half a dozen Flyers who charged into the stands to battle fans and police, was found guilty of assaulting a cop and fined $500 and sentenced to 30 days in jail by a Vancouver judge, who later suspended the jail term.)

Given the NHL's pat rationalizations, some fans might well concur with one of the prospective jurors in the Forbes trial. "It's the players' prerogative," he said to the court before being dismissed. "If they want to smash each other's brains out, that's all right with me."

But that easy out should not be acceptable to anyone for reasons that the Province of Ontario took pains to make clear. For better and mostly worse these days, the NHL is hockey's standard-bearer, the primary influence on the way the game is played at all levels. That is why the Ontario legislature ordered a full-scale investigation of hockey violence two years ago after a 16-year-old player stomped an opponent to death in a fight following a Midget House League game. The probe was conducted by the Attorney General's brother William McMurtry, a Toronto lawyer and a former college player and coach, who heard testimony from more than 50 witnesses, including Campbell, and concluded, "Professional hockey is sick."

The most searing indictment of the pro game yet, the 47-page white paper stated: "When the evidence strongly indicates that there is a conscious effort to sell violence in hockey to enrich a small group of show-business entrepreneurs at the expense of a great sport—not to mention the corruption of an entire generation's concept of sport—then one's concern grows to outrage."

Hockey, the report went on, striking at the crux of the problem, "is the only sport where physical intimidation outside the rules is encouraged as a legitimate tactic." To that charge, Campbell answered, "Well, partly, that could very well be true."

Clarence Campbell, who was himself once punched by an enraged fan during a riot in Montreal, is a gracious man, a lawyer and Rhodes scholar. His contributions to the sport have been many. In recent years he has introduced several rule changes, most notably a stiff penalty for the third man who enters into a fight, that have helped curtail some of the abuses. But so far Campbell's actions have been limited to treating the symptoms instead of eliminating the cause: violence. And while he won some desired public-relations points this exhibition season by fining 62 players for fighting, it was more window dressing than a dressing down; 62 fines, at least some of which were paid by the teams, totaling $9,050, works out to $145 per offender. With hockey's average salary at $75,000, these equate with collecting for an office retirement party.

Like some other big-league chief executives, Campbell is the agent and spokesman for the team owners; put in sharpest terms, without the support of the majority of owners, Campbell is without a job. In reality, then, it is the owners more than Campbell who must be held responsible for nurturing what Arthur Beisser, a Los Angeles psychiatrist, calls "a new use of violence," an effort to peddle stylized brutality "not as a means to an end, but for recreational purposes, for pleasure. It's an end in itself."

So whither hockey in the light of all this? Now 70 and nearing retirement, Campbell could do the owners a favor by forcing adoption of a positive, much needed reform that will straighten the future course of the sport. So to balance Harold Ballard's grim projection of the season ahead, here is a proposal:

Do away with the fighting once and for all. There is no mystery to the method, just follow the lead of all other major sports. That is, enact and rigorously enforce a rule stating that the first player who throws a punch or deliberately uses his stick as a weapon will be ejected from the game and/or suspended for however long it takes to get the message across. It may take all of one week and two test cases but the fighting will end.

Fear not, hockey fans, good solid hard-hitting play and the healthy sort of intimidation that are integral to all contact sports will not cease and may even intensify. As in football, there is plenty of leeway within the rules for any player to make his muscular presence felt.

Failing to take that step, hockey should simply tell the truth about itself. It would save a lot of double-talk, a lot of shifting and swaying with each hot gust of controversy if the NHL owners would get together and admit that they could eliminate the fighting tomorrow if they wanted to, but the reason they do not is because they assume it will have an adverse effect on the gate. That show of honesty at least would lay the Big Problem right out there at center ice where the NHL fathers could walk around it, examine it and face it head on: Do they promote hockey as a sport for the discriminating fan or as a spectacle for the violence freak? And maybe, after another few rounds of truth serum, they will come to the Big Conclusion that they cannot have it both ways.

Failing any such miracles, the NHL will continue to be plagued by a split personality that threatens a ruinous alienation of affections. Beset by the loss of network TV revenues, an exhausted expansion program, shaky franchises and austerity drives, the NHL keeps Rollerballing along. Looking on from the perspective of a veteran who earned his ribbons in the NHL nets, Ranger General Manager Emile Francis assumes the resignation of a man who has seen it all before. "It never works for long," he says. "Players get tired of fighting. After a few years, they say to themselves, 'What am I, crazy, getting my brains beat out every night?' "

Some of the troops are already getting restless. "I don't know about the future of all this," said Minnesota's Dennis Hextall, shortly before Glennie's check of his brother would precipitate hockey's latest day in court. Hextall, who himself has racked up an average of 142 penalty minutes a season over the past three years, recalls the attack on Boucha all too vividly. "The way things are going, someone is going to get killed," he said.

Whatever the outcome, the NHL has now been warned that if its laissez-faire policy on fighting results in any more serious injuries—or worse—the league must be judged guilty of something approaching criminal neglect. Hockey is a fine, exciting game and any right-thinking fan can only echo the demand that Defense Attorney Meshbesher made of the NHL in his summation to the jury: "Clean your own house."

Or to say it differently, remember Dave Forbes. **END**

A STEEL BIT DRILLS THE OILERS

Back to Super Bowl form, Terry Bradshaw gunned down Houston in a ripsnorting divisional battle

by RON REID



Directing an awesome offense, Bradshaw threw the game-winning pass with 38 seconds to go.

Another couple of Steeler games like the one last week in Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium and you will have to accept the following as sanctified National Football League holy writ: 1) Terry Bradshaw is the coolest quarterback in the game; 2) after taking 41 years to get on stage the first time, the Steelers have reserved dressing room space for a Super Bowl rerun; and 3) Steeler Coach Chuck Noll will wince mighty often as he hears the word "dynasty."

All of which is to say that the Steelers, who won everything pro football had to offer just 10 months ago, look red hot and ready to do it again.

Hardly any other conclusion could be drawn from last Sunday's AFC Central Division showdown with the tenacious Houston Oilers, who closely stalked the Steelers before they were overcome by Bradshaw's quick release, two fast whistles and the lingering psychological edge that is part of the arsenal of a champion. In one of the best games of the season Pittsburgh rebounded from a tie in the last 38 seconds for a 24–17 victory, its seventh in eight games, the 50th since Noll took over in 1969 and the best evidence yet that this is a better club than the one that humiliated Minnesota last January in New Orleans.

At the end two factors were clearly evident: Bradshaw is more competent and his teammates more confident. In earlier years the Steelers would have wilted under the pressure and Bradshaw would have collapsed.

On Sunday, the big quarterback was a study in aplomb as he completed 17 of 28 passes for 219 yards and three touchdowns, and in the hysteria at the finish it was Bradshaw who took the Steelers on a 78-yard march to the winning score. On the way he ran once for eight yards and completed three of four passes for 68 more. One of those was a 21-yard strike to Wide Receiver John Stallworth that knocked the Oilers out of the Central Division's three-way tie for first. Cincinnati, which had fallen to the Steelers just a week before for its first loss of the season, hung in by squeaking past Denver, 17–16.

Good as the Steelers were against a tough Houston team, they might not have won but for two officials' calls Oiler fans will be raging over for a long time. The first came at the end of the second quarter when Billy Johnson, the Oilers' one-man special team, slithered into the left corner of the end zone, with Mel Blount close enough to bite his right ear lobe, and grabbed a Dan Pastorini pass. At least, it looked as if Johnson had grabbed it. For the briefest instant the ball was in Billy's possession and then it was neatly stripped out of his hands by Blount Interception.

Then, with little more than six minutes remaining in the game and the Steelers backed up to within an eyelash of their end zone, Rocky Bleier was sprung loose on a trap play and fumbled. Houston's rookie Linebacker Robert Brazile picked up the loose ball and ran 14 yards for a touchdown—to no avail. The ball had been blown dead.

Steeler fans, shaking the stadium with bellows of "*Dee*-fense, *dee*-fense," also had their moment of frustration. In the last three minutes, as Houston refused to lie down and die, Blount was called for interference on a Pastorini pass to Ken Burrough that the Oiler receiver could not have reached with a skyhook.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

The ensuing penalty put the ball on the Steeler one, from where Fred Willis, a ballet student who took up the art for the purpose of stretching his hamstrings, danced over for the touchdown that made it 17-all.

The frenzy that marked the game's finish hardly could have been forecast from its opening scenes. The Steelers, who usually have to struggle against Houston (they lost one game to the Oilers last year and barely beat them in another), looked as if they would put this one out of reach before halftime.

Roy Gerela, the kicker with the choirboy countenance, booted a 22-yard field goal midway through the first quarter on the Steelers' second possession, and little more than three minutes later Bradshaw threw his first touchdown pass, an eight-yarder to Lynn Swann. The 53-yard drive, which began after Mike Wagner recovered a Burrough fumble, took only five plays.

A longtime Steeler executive says of Swann, whose touchdown was his sixth of the year, "He gets more fun out of playing this game than anyone I've ever seen," but Lynn's elation was short-lived. Early in the second quarter a Pastorini punt bounced off his face mask, Mark Cotney recovered for Houston and the Oilers had their first touchdown seven plays later. Pastorini, who completed 15 of 33 passes for 203 yards, moved his team 31 yards before Ronnie Coleman crashed the final three.

In a cameo of his performance for the afternoon, however, Bradshaw scrambled away from a potential sack with two minutes left in the first half to throw an eight-yard scoring pass to Tight End Larry Brown, whose seven receptions were a career high. The play gave Pittsburgh a 17–7 lead and, despite the pressure that came later, made good a prediction by Andy Russell, the Steelers' veteran linebacker.

"I don't feel that different about Houston just because they're coming in this time with a 6-1 record," he had said Friday afternoon. "They always give us trouble, but this time I think we're more confident. We believe we have the ability to win the big game. Winning the Super Bowl last year has made us determined to do it again. We're not guilty of any fat-cat philosophy. I think there's going to be a real team feeling that the Oilers can take something away from us, so I think we're going to be ready."

Along with that psychological armament Pittsburgh had a quarterback who posed a dilemma for the Oilers. "The Steelers present some big problems," said Ed Biles, the Houston defensive coordinator. "One of them is that you've got to stop their running game, headed by Franco Harris. Secondly, their concept of the passing game is to go to their outside receivers, which puts a lot of pressure on outside linebackers, who have to be ready to move against the run and also have to get back and help on deep pass coverage. And that Bradshaw's so strong the Steeler receivers run deeper patterns than you normally see, but if you blitz Bradshaw and miss, he'll scramble and run with the ball, and he's got great running ability."

In fact, Bradshaw picked up 16 yards on three frenetic excursions out of the pocket as the Steelers ran for 183 yards, almost twice as many as the Oilers. Together, Harris and Bleier had 140 yards on 32 carries.

When the Steelers won the Super Bowl the key factor was their defense. Last Sunday, with Mean Joe Greene sidelined by an injury and L. C. Greenwood missing the second half with a sprained ankle, Pittsburgh still forced three turnovers and sacked the quarterback four times.

But a more effective offense directed by a Bradshaw with consistent poise foretells an ever better performance in a Super Bowl rerun. The quarterback who was once scorned as a bumpkin is nobody's fool today. This season he has completed 100 of 166 passes for 1,251 yards and 10 touchdowns and has thrown just four interceptions.

Still, the Steelers' win and Bradshaw's new image should not be allowed to crowd the Oilers out of the picture. Houston is a contender that will give rivals trouble all season long just as surely as Coach Bum Phillips, in denim and cowboy hat, looks like the Western movie extra who says, "Why wait for the judge? Let's string 'em up now."

He won't have a long wait for a Steeler rematch. The clubs meet again on Nov. 24 in a Monday night game that may blow the roof off the Astrodome, and how many people remember that it was not too long ago that the AFC Central was a dog's division called the NFL's answer to the Big Sky Conference? Some dogs. **END**

Billy Johnson gets set to grab touchdown pass, but Mel Blount (47) came up with the ball.



THE BATTLE OF THE BEVERAGES

In ocean powerboat racing's showdown off Key West for the world championship it was Brazil's Wally Franz, very big on coffee, over Italy's Carlo Bonomi, whose Dry Martini was first up, then on the rocks **by COLES PHINIZY**

To judge by its players past and present, the game of offshore powerboat racing has not changed much in the last quarter of a century. It is still the odd and stylish sort of masochism it was in the beginning, only more so. The engines and hulls are better, and more fragile because of it. The pounding, ever faster over the lumpy sea, is also harder today, not only on the machines but on the drivers' kidneys and their bankrolls.

Although the rewards are scarcely greater—an occasional modest purse and a 20-line press notice being the most of it—the price of the game is way up. Whereas 10 years ago a devotee of ocean racing could make it through one year on the American or European championship circuit for about $100,000, now it takes close to a quarter of a million. Some who love the sport maintain it will certainly die, impoverished by its own prodigality and convoluted politicking. Others insist it is a game of ups and downs and violent swings and is healthier for it. If there is truth in either prophecy, it is altogether fitting that one of the classic venues of offshore racing is Key West, Fla., a town that in its long and tangled past has often been flat on its back and lived hand to mouth, yet seems to prosper in uncertainty.

The 180-mile offshore race staged every November off Key West is literally a beginning and an end. It is the first contest that counts for points in the national championship of the upcoming calendar year and it also counts for points as the last race of the world championship of the year just ending. The American championships have been going on for 13 years, and the world championships, tabulated on a different point system, for 10 years. In that time only one American, Don Aronow of Coral Gables, Fla., who builds the winning Cigarette hulls that now romp around both circuits, has twice won both titles in one year—a record that should last at least until the high price of everything in the sport takes a smart drop.

Some of the heroes of offshore racing have loved the sport passionately, yet have been able to leave it easily. Others are hooked for life. When the performers are dissected, there are rarely any two that seem to tick alike. There is a touch of the motor-mad Mr. Toad in some of them, notably the present American champion, Sandy Satullo of Cleveland, who at Key West last Saturday began defense of his title. Because his racing hull is named *Copper Kettle*, after a restaurant he owned, he is best known as a restaurateur. In fact, in work as in play, he is the sort of multifaceted dabbler who gives investment counselors grief. To cite some extremes in his homemade conglomerate, Satullo owns a string of





Brazil's new champion comes ashore with a shout of jubilation after the rough passage.

art shops and has a part interest in a shrimp farm on Borneo. After serving in Gen. George Custer's old Seventh Cavalry in World War II, he took up horse jumping for sport. Because of a tumor operation that cost him stomach muscles, he quit jumping horses 22 years ago to try Go-karting, and later moved into snowmobile racing. From that form of mechanized violence Satullo got into sports car racing, which he pursued until he saw his first offshore powerboat contest four years ago.

That race was a tame sort of bash: a one-shot invitational staged around a triangular course five miles to a side in sheltered Miami waters. Taken by the game, Satullo went to the company that built the winning Magnum hull, but its proprietor, Bobby Rautbord, who won the world title in 1972, told him it was not a sport for 50-year-olds. "Don Aronow gave me the same story," Satullo recalls, "so I told him I could do anything he could do, and that made Aronow mad enough to sell me one of his Cigarette hulls. I thought all races were closed-course. I didn't realize they wandered all over the ocean or I wouldn't have bought the damn boat. I didn't know anything about navigation. I can't even swim."

Three days after taking delivery of his boat, Satullo won the Hurricane Classic at St. Petersburg in near-world-record time. He won the next three races on the American circuit before settling into a vexing pattern of blowing engines and breaking stern drives. He won the national title this year because, as he puts it, "I realized these engines were fragile. I used to go all out, with everything to the wall, and if she blew, she blew. But I changed my way of thinking."

While this Key West race promised to be little more than a routine opener for Satullo and his home rivals, it was a most unusual ending for the world champion, 34-year-old Carlo Bonomi of Italy, who throughout the year had no intention of defending the title he won in 1973 and 1974. Although a billionaire by bloated public reputation and a multimillionaire in truth, Bonomi is, by his own insistence, "the only professional driver on the offshore circuit." He runs a boat named *Dry Martini*, sponsored by the vermouth makers Martini & Rossi. While he could possibly buy out Martini & Rossi and

continued

Riding high on an unruly sea, Franz (left) powers to victory. Rival Bonomi crashed, broke a rib.



Bonomi is ultraloyal to Martini & Rossi.



U.S. contender Aoki bosses Benihana chain.



U.S. champ Satullo grows shrimp in Borneo.

Cinzano to boot, he is a loyal team man.

World Championship scoring is curious. First place in each race counts nine points, second counts six, third place four, and each place down through six is progressively worth one point less. Even though he might go in every race, a driver counts his best scores in only one-third of the races in any year. If there are, say, 18 races, as there were this year, it is theoretically and absurdly possible for three drivers to make perfect scores without competing against each other at all.

Under this odd system, Wally Franz, a Brazilian electrical equipment manufacturer—and one of the few drivers to campaign seriously against the Americans and Italians who have monopolized the world title—got off to a fast start in 1975: three wins in races in which Bonomi did not compete. Bonomi subsequently got three firsts without meeting Franz. Indeed, until Key West the two pacesetters had met only three times. In one English race, Franz took second to Bonomi's first; in another, Bonomi took third to Franz' second. In the Miami-Nassau race, Franz got a fourth and Bonomi straggled in seventh on one engine. Franz might have had the title right there except somebody at Martini & Rossi noticed that Franz' six best races were four firsts and two seconds, and that Bonomi's four firsts and two thirds put him only four points behind. Thus if Bonomi won at Key West, he could ditch one of his thirds and win the championship by a single point.

The whole matter was of little interest to Bonomi, who had announced his permanent retirement from offshore racing several times, notably after the Miami-Nassau race, and was planning a vacation when Count Rossi got him on the telephone. As Bonomi remembers, the count implored, "For God's sake do me this one last favor."

What made the whole affair more curious is that in any race that counts toward both the American and the world title, any driver whose equipment complies with the regulations of both the American Power Boat Association and the Union Internationale Motonautique can run as he wishes, for national or world points or both. Franz drives a Bertram hull powered by Kiekhaefer engines. Bonomi drives a Cigarette hull. Through his whole championship career Bonomi used Kiekhaefer power, but after the Miami-Nassau race the Martini & Rossi team switched to Mercury motors. Since Cigarette hulls dominate on both circuits, if Americans driving Cigarette hulls declined to go for world points, would it not seem that they might be trying to help Bonomi in his rivalry against Franz? It is in such a climate clouded with commercialism that politicking flourishes and bickering abounds. The referee of the Key West race, Art Hafner, cleared the air by declaring that any competitor he deemed eligible for world points would get them whether he wanted them or not. So it turned out that to get the nine points he needed to win the world title Bonomi would not be racing Franz head to head but battling a dozen rivals in the 15-boat fleet.

Franz and Bonomi have one thing in common: the reason they got into the offshore game in the first place. It was not at all an affection for the slick equipment they use but a more genuine love of the sea at large, and specifically its underside as seen through a face mask. Both are ideal for team effort—extravagantly loyal. Out of respect for the U.S. origins of his hull and motors, Franz' boat is called *Pangaré Gringo*, Portuguese for "Dependable Yankee," but it also bears the Brazilian flag and a sales pitch, DRINK BRAZIL COFFEE. "Coffee is Brazil's most important export," he says, "and I must always be a patriot."

Four days before the race the five-day forecast indicated good weather. In a subtropical watery area like Key West's, in autumn when the sun is sinking into the winter, a five-day projection is usually worth its weight in flea feathers. Despite the promise of a bonny day, during the last hours before the race the winds jumped up to 12 knots with heavier gusts in the dirty fringes of rain squalls. Some drivers swore the swells toward the shoals exceeded 12 feet. Older hands said they were at least eight feet.

Since it is the last on the circuit, the Key West race is normally not a suspenseful chapter in world competition; usually someone has clinched the title at some other venue along the way. The race customarily has been dominated by the likes of the now retired Dr. Bob Magoon, or some pretender anxious to knock the good doctor out of the title ranks. This year it seemed the fates were conspiring to keep the drama of Bonomi battling the field for nine points from being upstaged. Long before the halfway mark,

continued

TV service technicians name Zenith for the two things you want most in color TV.



I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was named, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith	30%
Brand A	20%
Brand B	10%
Brand C	7%
Brand D	6%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	11%
Don't Know	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same survey, the service technicians named Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith	38%
Brand A	15%
Brand C	8%
Brand D	4%
Brand B	3%
Brand I	2%
Brand F	2%
Brand E	2%
Brand G	1%
Brand H	1%
Other Brands	4%
About Equal	14%
Don't Know	9%

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of the service technicians' survey—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.

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Recycling. One of the ways we're keeping America's phone system the best in the world.

Bell System

Cordoba

The Small Chrysler

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Bonomi was solidly in front, plunging across following seas like a broad spear blade. By the time he turned the most seaward checkpoint and started the 70-mile run back into head seas, there were only four boats with a beggar's chance of catching him. Satullo, in the first event in defense of his national title, never got his boat moving. ("It ran like a pig," he said later.) In the field of eight that made *it all the way, Satullo placed sixth, tak*ing solace that three of the rivals with a chance to dethrone him—including newcomer Rocky Aoki, owner of the Benihana restaurant chain and winner of the Miami-Nassau race—had to be towed back to port.

At the ninth of 10 checkpoints, 36 miles from the finish, Bonomi had a good seven-mile lead on his nearest pursuers, Franz and Joel Halpern, a New Yorker driving a narrow prototype Cobra hull called *Beep Beep* in his debut in the open class. For more than 30 miles Bonomi had been easing off, playing it safe, but suddenly in an instant he had not played it safe enough. Twenty-one miles from home the nose of *Dry Martini* dug into a head sea. The impact broke one of Bonomi's ribs and his mechanic's heel and ruptured the gas tank. Bonomi's wife Manuela, after circling over him in a plane for 10 minutes, said, "They are now eating sandwiches and drinking coffee, so it must be over for them."

In the last 15 miles Franz opened a 1½-mile lead over Halpern in *Beep Beep*. In the last eight miles *Beep Beep* closed noticeably, but Franz got across the finish line with 26 seconds to spare.

It was not a race distinguished for speed (Franz averaged only about 50 miles an hour in the rough water), but it had more than an ordinary share of joy and grief. A Brazilian becomes the world champion in a sport the Italians, the Americans and the English seem to own. An Italian bows out of the sport in a humbling way. After six years of domination, Don Aronow's hulls lose a world title to a Bertram, and are now running behind Halpern's Cobra hull for the next national title.

There were 10 sets of Mercurys in the race and only one pair of Aeromarines, made by Carl Kiekhaefer, the onetime boss of Mercury, but the lonely Aeromarines got home first to clinch a third straight world title for Kiekhaefer. It is indeed a sport of troughs and crests, of unexpected ups and downs. **END**





PURSUED BY A VERY LONG SHADOW

John Wooden is formally retired, and Clean Gene Bartow has arrived at UCLA to coach against a legend

by SAM MOSES

John Wooden began his 66th year as he had begun every day since his heart attack three years ago—with a five-mile constitutional. His walks are usually uninterrupted, but on that smogless, crackling, red autumn dawn last month, the joggers scattered along the UCLA track stopped him. One by one, they wished him well. That evening nearly 7,000 more well-wishers paid formal tribute to Wooden at a birthday/retirement

In the glare of the rising sun, Wooden started his 65th birthday with his usual constitutional.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LONG



A man in the master's Midwestern image, Bartow plans few changes in UCLA's system.

party in Pauley Pavilion, the arena where he had scored so many of the 620 victories in his 27-year career at UCLA.

Although the man being honored certainly deserved an occasion rich with sentiment, Wooden Night went beyond that. It was an affair that could only be described as schmaltzy. "On cue, sing out loud and clear: *Hello Johnny, well hello Johnny,*" the program instructed. *Auld Lang Syne* came later. Assorted celebrities, ranging from Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley to Bob Hope, took turns expressing gratitude for being given the honor of honoring Wooden. And there were so many standing ovations that people popped up and down in their seats as if they were watching an overtime game against USC.

A number of times Wooden was called the greatest coach in the history of basketball, and who present would argue with that? He was also called the creator of "the most magnificent era in the history of intercollegiate sport," a weighty accolade that caused him to gaze self-consciously at the floor. From the evening's proceeds—the worshipers paid $5 per ticket—Wooden received a watch, a tie clip and cuff links, each inset with 10 diamonds, one for each of the NCAA championships he brought to UCLA. He was also given a pale blue Mercedes-Benz 280 sedan. Fortunately for Wooden, whose taste in status symbols runs to such things as well-polished wing tips, the car came without a diamond-studded steering wheel. He could have been given Pauley Pavilion, and no one would have minded.

Sitting quietly in the shadows at Wooden Night was a bespectacled man who must have been squirming in his chair with each display of reverence accorded the guest of honor. He was the man appointed to replace the Wizard of Westwood. He has not been asked to replace Wooden in the hearts of UCLA fans, but he knows he soon must find a nook of his own in there.

"I figure this nostalgia for Coach Wooden will pass in about a year," Gene Bartow says, " . . . as long as UCLA keeps winning." He shakes his head. "But they love him here, don't they?"

For the six months since he was hired last April, Bartow had shared Wooden's office and had sat toe to toe with him, a position that served as constant reminder of how big a legend's shoes can be. Technically it had been Wooden sharing Bartow's office, but the signs of success in the room—plaques and trophies and framed magazine covers—meant more than the name on the door.

The office sharing was by Bartow's choice, not necessity. Relieved though he may be now that Wooden's physical, if not spiritual, presence is gone, he had asked Wooden to stay around for a while and submit his brain for picking. And the information Bartow obtained rubbing feet with the master made the tight quarters worthwhile. "Besides visiting with Coach Wooden about common interests like golf and the Dodgers, I asked him specifically about the zone press and the strengths and weaknesses of the returning 11 players," says Bartow. "Sev-

continued

eral times we sat down and worked at the blackboard, actually using Xs and Os."

"Intimidating" is a word that Bartow uses a lot these days, usually accompanying it with a chuckle, a shake of his head and a roll of his eyeballs. He has heard so much about the aura he is supposed to be intimidated by that he responds to it now with an easy, genuine laugh. "If I felt differently about Coach Wooden, if I felt he wasn't actually above the rest of the basketball coaches in this world, then there would be pressure for me to prove something," he says. "But I don't feel that way."

So for the past six months Bartow has been saying things like "I don't intend to try to compete with John Wooden; his record is a miracle," and "We're in a new era now; the Wooden book is closed." Something he has not been saying is, "O.K., you guys, lissen up: things is gonna be different around here from now on, see?"

Of course, things will be different, but not much. Bartow's second move (his first was to put Lee Hunt, who has been his assistant for the past five years and a friend for 15, on the UCLA staff) was to hire Larry Farmer as jayvee coach. Farmer had played forward on UCLA's undefeated teams of 1971-72 and 1972-73, and he had been an assistant coach on Wooden's staff the following year. "If you take over a program that's bad, you may not want to know anything about it," says Bartow. "But if you take over a program that's just won 10 national championships, it helps to know a little bit about what's been going on."

During Wooden's reign at UCLA, Bartow was putting together a record of his own that could hardly be described as unsuccessful. He has coached basketball for two decades: six seasons in high school, three at Central Missouri State, six at Valparaiso University, four at Memphis State and one at Illinois. Three times he took Valparaiso to the NCAA small-college regionals, and he directed Memphis State to an 18-8 record in his first year there, after it had been 6-20 the year before. Two seasons later, in 1973, Bartow was named Coach of the Year by his peers for leading the Tigers to the NCAA final. He lost that game to UCLA 87–66. Illinois hired him away from Memphis State last year. The Illini's 8-18 record in 1974-75 was Bartow's worst as a coach, but he turned the school's recruiting system around by actively seeking black players from the Chicago area, a source of talent that Illinois coaches had largely ignored in the past. Illinois released him from a five-year contract so he could go to UCLA. Bartow also coached the Puerto Rican National team to a silver medal in the 1971 Pan-Am Games and a sixth place in the 1972 Olympics, and in 1973 he led a U.S. all-star team on a successful eight-game tour of China.

UCLA's selection of Bartow was like a man acquiring a new hound of the same breed to replace a trusty old beagle who is no longer up to the hunt. Bartow's basketball philosophy parallels Wooden's; he likes a wide-open fast-breaking offense and sticky man-to-man or pressing defense. And the two have strong personal similarities, despite their 20-year difference in age. They are both Midwesterners—Wooden is from Indiana and Bartow from Missouri. Bartow is nicknamed Clean Gene. He doesn't smoke, doesn't swear, leaves the vodka out of his screwdrivers, goes home to his wife and three kids at night, goes to church every Sunday, gets his hair cut regularly, shaves every morning and insists that his players put their dirty towels in the laundry bin to make the team manager's job easier.

Despite his subdued appearance on the bench, Wooden was a skilled referee-baiter; Bartow can also ride refs with the worst of them. And his sideline outbursts, like Wooden's, are often the product of guile, not anger. One such incident occurred when Memphis State was playing Vanderbilt three years ago. The Tigers led most of the game, but the momentum suddenly shifted to Vanderbilt after a series of calls in its favor. Bartow seemed to grow livid with rage; he called time, leaped from the bench and waved his players off the court. He drew a technical foul, and Lee Hunt had to calm down the referees. The calls were more evenly divided after that, and Memphis State won 74–71. Bartow later claimed his behavior had been mostly an act. No one needs to explain the meaning—or the value—of intimidation to him.

In a speech to more than 500 high school coaches at a clinic at UCLA recently, Bartow described another of his acts: "When I was coaching high school in my nastier days, one of my favorite tricks was to make the team practice late while I yelled at the players and told them how awful they were. After they had taken their showers, I'd go in the locker room, yell at them some more and then send them back on the court for another hour."

That only proves that Clean Gene is human. "He either knows where the body is buried or he's got some dirty pictures under his bed," says one close Bartow-watcher from Illinois. "There's got to be something like that; he's just been too successful for there not to be." Which is just the sort of reaction Wooden's parsonlike demeanor drew from skeptics for years.

Bartow is as successful a coach off the court as he is on it. He may be the best PR man in college basketball; sincerity oozes from him, yet he comes off not as an unctuous back slapper, but as a man who wants to solve *your* problems. Wherever he goes, he leaves friends. They still love him in Memphis and, had he stayed there longer, he might well have engendered the kind of adoration Wooden receives at UCLA.

"When he gets to a new town, the first thing he does is look up the people who are supposed to be his enemies and cultivate their friendship," says one Chicago newspaperman who has followed Bartow's career closely. "That usually means the media, but it's not only them. One of the first people he became friends with when he was still coaching in high school was Wooden."

Even though Bartow is also considered a masterful recruiter, those talents have not yet been needed at UCLA. When he arrived there, most of this year's work in that area had already been completed by Wooden's assistants. The four freshmen they attracted to UCLA are considered the best incoming group at any college this year. All four are from Los Angeles, and two of them—6′ 10″ Forward David Greenwood and Guard Roy Hamilton—are from the same high school. The other two are Forward Chris Lippert, the Los Angeles All-City Player of the Year, and Guard Brad Holland, who paces around the key at practice, pumping jump shot after swishing jump shot into the net. Because of the returnees from UCLA's national champs of last season, including three starters, only Greenwood is expected to play a great deal this season.

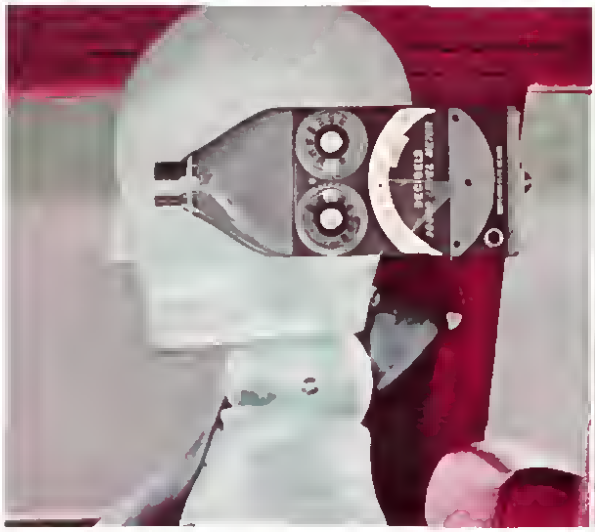
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Can a 1976 Ford Granada match the smoothness and quiet of Cadillac and Mercedes...with a sticker price under $4,000?

It is obvious enough to most that Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280 bear a strong resemblance in size and shape. But can a car sticker priced under $4000 offer aspects of smoothness and quiet found in $12,000 cars?

A series of interior sound level and riding comfort tests were recently conducted, and some surprising answers emerged.

Test 1: Riding comfort

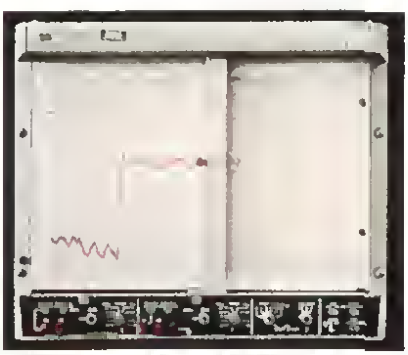
In the riding comfort tests, the vibration levels of a new Granada, Seville and Mercedes 280 were measured over various road surfaces and speed conditions. In one of these tests the three cars were driven over a simulated rough road of irregularly spaced boards (Above right).

A sensitive electronic vibration recorder was used to plot each car's vibration levels at speeds of 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour. In all the various tests Granada consistently ranked first or second.

Test 2: Interior noise

In one of the interior noise level tests the three cars were driven over a smooth, measured road surface at about 55 mph. A sound meter recorded decibel levels on the dBA scale inside each car. The results are reproduced in the chart below. All rode quietly. In all the tests, at varying speeds and road surfaces, the Granada actually rode a bit quieter than the Mercedes. Seville was slightly quieter.

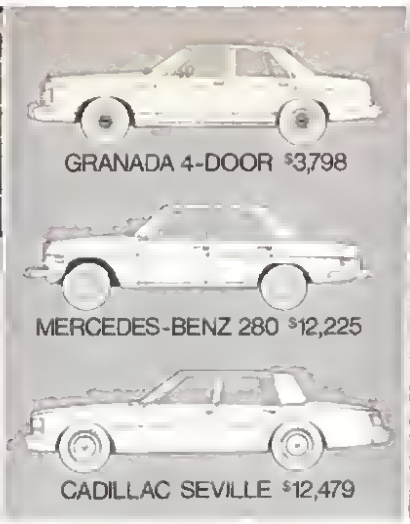
Sound level in decibels at 55 mph.	
CADILLAC SEVILLE	66.0
FORD GRANADA	67.5
MERCEDES-BENZ 280	68.5







Professional driver [illegible] two Mercedes 280's and two Granadas [illegible] speed test wall



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Testing ride: 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour over a track of irregularly spaced boards

EPA test: Gas mileage

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UCLA's first practice was held the day after the party. Bartow's organization of the session and communication with the team was so facile it seemed almost as if his predecessor had never left. (When Bartow blew his whistle for the first time, Wooden was on an 18-day Caribbean cruise with his wife Nell. He will spend his winter at speaking engagements and as color commentator on five televised games.) As the players filed into the locker room after the opening workout, Bartow almost skipped off the court, barely restraining himself from jumping in the air and clicking the heels of his Adidases.

"I've seen some talented teams before, but there's more talent here than I'm accustomed to," he said. "And these guys have spirit. I think this is going to be the kind of team that will walk onto the court and beat people."

After the first week of practice, Bartow's praise was being reciprocated. "He makes you want to play more than Coach Wooden did," says Gavin Smith, one of five hopefuls for a starting guard slot. "There's more encouragement. I get the feeling everyone has a chance to play, where Coach Wooden always seemed to have his mind made up."

"He's a little less conservative and allows players more individual freedom on the court," says Rich Washington, the MVP at last spring's NCAA tournament. "He's getting us ready to play sooner than Wooden did."

Bartow may need to. UCLA's first game, on Nov. 29, will be against Indiana, which was unbeaten last year until the NCAA semifinals. The Hoosiers have lost only one starter. "I'm already dreaming about that game," says Bartow. "I see us winning."

Bartow's dream might also include an NCAA championship, but if it does, he is not letting on about it. "If it takes a national championship to be considered successful around here, I'm in trouble," he says. "But Wooden coached here 15 years before he got one, so I think they'll be patient with me. If not . . . well, I used to teach drivers' ed and badminton in high school. I've always got those skills to fall back on."

Then he shakes his head and rolls his eyeballs and laughs that genuine laugh, and it is very clear that Clean Gene Bartow is not going to allow himself to be intimidated. **END**





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DARRELL SHOULD WIN AS OFTEN

Compared to the Longhorns' coach, Gil Stainka of Texas A&I is true royalty

by EDWIN SHRAKE

Cold rain blew through the football stadium where about 12,000 people crouched under umbrellas and makeshift shelters on a miserable Saturday night in Kingsville, Texas. It was one of those sudden storms that hit the Gulf coast. In the afternoon it may be white and still and sweaty hot, and by evening you can't see across the street through wind-driven rain that rips limbs off trees and makes ponds in the grain fields.

For 12,000 people to gather at Javelina Stadium in Kingsville on such a night is comparable to 500,000 heading for the Cotton Bowl in Dallas to watch a football game during a Texas typhoon. What drew them out, helped by the rather light calendar of public events in Kingsville on a Saturday night, was the fact that the local university, Texas A&I, has a team that has won 22 straight games, was the NAIA national champion last year and is currently No. 1 in the nation in the small-college rankings, ahead of North Dakota, Boise State, Grambling and the rest.

In the 12th row of the student section in Javelina Stadium, at the 20-yard line, a man sat wrapped in a hooded poncho, rain pouring from his brow onto a hand that covered his cigarette. Beside him was a younger man in a blue cap and blue plastic jacket. They squinted at ink blotches on a clipboard.

"Tell that son of a buck to move his tail fast when he sees that guy start out of the backfield," said the man in the hood. The other jumped up, trotted down the concrete steps through the crowd, leaped over the fence, sloshed through water on the track and began to speak to A&I coaches and players near the bench. Then the man in the hood had another thought: "The son of a buck ought to get right in his face." He rushed down the steps in the rain and ran to

When he is not sweeping out the stadium or cleaning rest rooms, Steinke teaches football

the sideline, waving his arms and shouting, his cigarette stuck to his chin in a mush of wet paper and tobacco.

In Kingsville everybody knew who the man in the hood was, and nobody paid his behavior much attention. At other stadiums around the Southwest and as far off as Honolulu and Mexico City, curious spectators have been heard to ask, "Who is that strange person who keeps sending his friend down to talk to the coach and then goes down and talks to the coach himself?" The strange person's wife has heard people ask that. She laughs when she tells about it, because the strange person, her husband, is Gil Steinke, the Texas A&I coach.

A visitor wandered into Javelina Stadium on a hot, clear afternoon in the middle of the week and inquired where he might find Coach Steinke. "You wouldn't believe it if I told you," said a Mexican in a straw hat. Steinke wasn't in his office. On his desk beside pictures of his wife, two sons and daughter stood several metal sculptures of javelinas—wild pigs that range from South America up to the country around the Texas A&I campus, where one pig is said to have snacked on the leg of a former A&I president—and there were drawings and paintings of javelinas on the walls, along with photographs of Steinke's championship teams. Texas A&I has won the NAIA national football championship four times in all, three times in the past six years, and the Lone Star Conference eight of the last 16.

In a few minutes Steinke walked into the office, flapping his hands as if shaking off irksome fluids. "Shoo, that stuff stinks," he said. Steinke is about 6 feet tall, in his middle 50s, parts his hair in the center and still weighs 171 pounds, which is what he weighed when he was a star running back at Texas A&I and a starting defensive back for the Philadelphia Eagles' 1948 NFL championship team. "Lordy, it gets in your eyes and nose," he said.

Steinke sat down rather gently and thrust a couple of yellow patent leather loafers onto the top of the desk. "It's the damn old mold," he said. "This humid climate." What Steinke had been doing was scrubbing the ladies' rest rooms in the stadium with Clorox. "I don't like for ladies to come to our games and have to go to a room that's not clean," he said.

He sprang up and moved around the office, emptying ashtrays, looking for things that might have gotten out of place. Steinke is a natural mover and fixer who eats and sleeps lightly, and as the Javelinas' winning streak increases he is inclined to become even more fidgety. Two years ago the Javelinas went 2-8, the worst record in Steinke's 22 years as their head coach and only his second losing season. Last year they were picked seventh in their conference and instead finished unbeaten at 13-0, including the NAIA playoffs. Two hours before the national championship game against Henderson State of Arkansas, Steinke was up in the stands at Javelina Stadium sweeping the seats with a broom.

The King's Inn is a sea-food restaurant in an old white wooden building on the shore of Baffin Bay, some 20 miles from the town of Kingsville. Steinke sat at the head of the table waiting for his coaching staff to arrive for an enormous dinner of fish, shrimp, crab, scallops, oysters, fried onion rings and fresh tomatoes and cucumbers. The only coach left from the disastrous year of 1973 is Fred Jonas, the defensive coordinator. After reflecting upon that 2-8 record, Steinke hired a whole new staff.

"Maybe I didn't really want to coach in 1973," Steinke said. "I couldn't concentrate. I was surrounded by philosophers who had different ideas from mine, and I put off making difficult decisions." During that time Steinke had pain in his lower back that prevented him from sitting. If he had to fly somewhere on a long trip, his wife Mary would drive to the airport in Corpus Christi, 35 miles away, while Steinke lay on the backseat. Once the plane was in the air, Steinke would stand, helping to serve the drinks and meals and clear the trays. He would sit down again just before landing. After going through several doctors, Steinke decided his pain was from some form of toxemia. He changed his diet along with his coaching staff in 1974, and much of the pain went away. He also put in a new style of offense, the veer, and a sophomore quarterback, Richard Ritchie, and Texas A&I has not lost a game since. "I guess you could say we owe most of our turnaround to Richard," Steinke said. "He's smart, he makes quick judgments, he can throw the ball. Lordy, he takes some licks. He's a tough little rascal, thank heaven. I don't know what we'd do without him."

Steinke also mentally dismissed several of the 1973 players he felt were easing along on the scholarship ride. "I don't have much patience with a kid who wants to argue with our rules and won't put out all he can," he said. "College was one of the greatest experiences of my life. Soon as I finished, I wished I could have

continued



Most coaches observe play from the sideline, but Steinke's command post is in the stands.



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started all over again. I loved every bit of it."

But when Steinke was through as a player at A&I he went into the Navy, became a gunnery officer, served 33 consecutive months at sea in World War II and was torpedoed on the U.S.S. *Canberra* in the Pacific. The blast burned off his eyebrows. Steinke was released from the Navy in Boston and joined the Philadelphia Eagles without returning home. In 1946 he led the Eagles in interceptions, and had the best punt return average in the NFL. "They used to talk about how fast I was when I was a pro," Steinke said. "But, heck, I was 27 years old by then. They should have seen me when I was 21. I tell my black kids now that they might not believe it, but there used to be a time when white kids were fast."

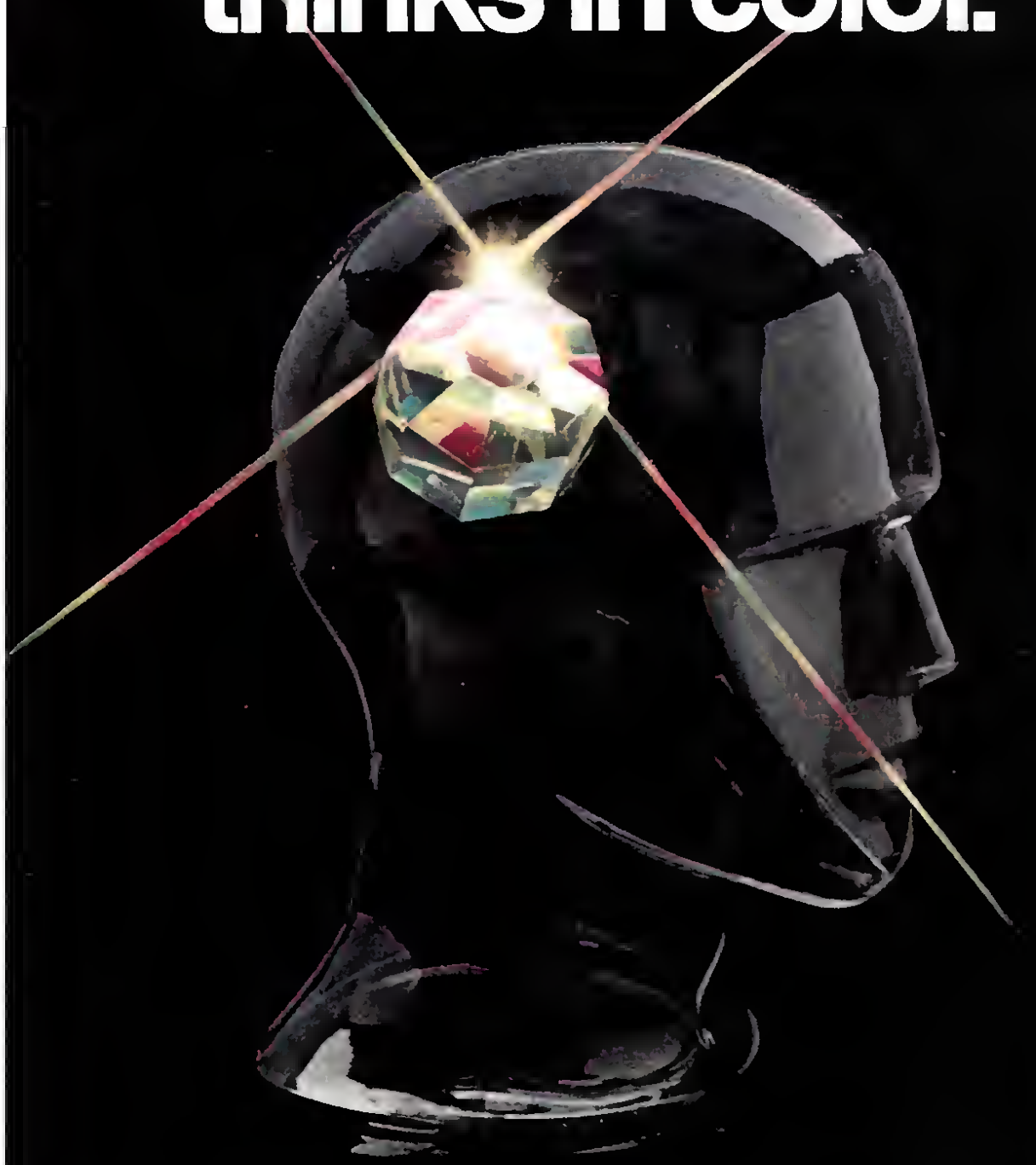
The following year he broke his leg. Still recuperating in 1948, he worked as assistant coach at Trinity in San Antonio until the Eagles asked him to return with four games remaining in the season. Steinke practiced on a Saturday and started at defensive halfback the following day and on through the championship game. He signed a contract for $1.00, figuring he would be paid whatever he was worth. The Eagles gave him a little gold football with his name on it. The next summer at training camp, he broke his neck. He never did get paid any more on that $1.00 contract.

"I used to say I'd play football just for the love of it, and that's what I wound up doing," he said. "I got robbed, but it ain't that big a deal. My life went on anyhow. I had my share of glory as a player and I coached at some big schools before I came back to A&I. So I haven't needed the ego kick of the big-school coaching life. I'm happy down here out of the way."

In the white mansion with the red tile roof and the cannon on the lawn at Santa Gertrudis, the headquarters ranch for the Delaware-size area that makes up the famous King Ranch, there was a party on Friday night before A&I's 50th anniversary homecoming game. The mansion is a couple of miles from the A&I campus. A few miles farther down the road, on King Ranch property, is the biggest gas-separating plant in the world. Texas A&I is the only university in the country that offers an accredited four-year degree in natural gas engineering. The result is a large number of students

continued

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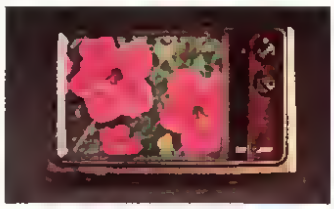


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from Iran, Egypt, Venezuela, Thailand, Oman and other oil-producing nations. But foreign students seldom play college football. Instead of using natural gas engineering as a recruiting inducement, Steinke talks to high school athletes in what he considers his territory—from Houston and San Antonio south to the border—about the phenomenal number of pro football players Texas A&I produces. There are nine A&I exes playing in the NFL this year. Six of them were first-round draft choices—Randy Johnson, Gene Upshaw, Jim Hill, Eldridge Small, Ernest Price and Don Hardeman.

"We tell the kids if they go to one of those big schools they might get lost," Steinke said, standing beside the fountain in the courtyard inside the mansion. "But if they come with us, they can do a lot of playing and get noticed right away. I'm not afraid to go head to head with the big schools after a boy. But if the big school is Oklahoma, we don't usually bother. Oklahoma snatched a couple of boys right out of our hands this year. We don't have many scholarships or a big recruiting staff, so we cull out our prospects pretty quick. We can't waste time on a hot dog who's telling us one thing and other schools something else."

On the afternoon of the homecoming game, the stadium lawnmower broke down and a norther blew in with rain and wind. Steinke prowled Javelina Stadium, fretting over details from toilet paper to the welfare of the trainers (two of A&I's student athletic trainers are women), to the high wet grass that would take away A&I's advantage in speed. The rain also would cut the crowd to less than the 17,500 capacity, but at least Steinke and Assistant Coach Gene Walkoviak would have it easier finding a place to sit in the stands. In Honolulu this year when A&I beat the University of Hawaii 43–9 in front of 33,000 at the opening of Aloha Stadium, Steinke didn't have a ticket for the stands and had to persuade an usher to let him sit in an aisle. In the huge stadium in Monterrey, Mexico last season, Steinke sat in a nearly empty section across the field from his team's bench. When his mind was struck by a dazzling piece of advice for the Javelinas, he rushed down the steps and discovered a locked gate and a moat between him and his players.

Defensive Coordinator Jonas sits in the press box with piles of computer-

continued

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printed information. He is hooked up to the sideline with the usual earphone and mouthpiece gear. Steinke takes nothing with him into the stands except for Walkoviak to do some of the consulting and much of the message carrying.

"I started sitting in the stands last season," Steinke said, watching a waterfall of rain flowing down a stadium exit. "The sideline is the worst possible place to watch a game. You can't tell what the devil is going on from the sideline. I try to sit about 12 rows up where it's high enough that I can see and low enough so it's not too far to run down to the field. At home I ask a student to save me a couple of seats on the aisle. I sit at about the 20 so I can stay away from the band, and I sit on the student side so I can stay away from the alumni.

"Since I don't know what play we've called, I watch half the field and Gene watches the other half. In the stands I get a feeling for how the game is going without getting messed up with too many specifics. I could use a telephone like Fred does, but then I'd be involved in a lot of conversation that's mostly just confusing. The way I see it, successful coaches are not the guys who make all the right decisions, they're the guys who make less wrong decisions than the losers. In the stands I'll get an idea, but by the time I can go all the way to the bench the situation has changed and my idea is probably useless. That keeps me from overreacting."

Steinke peered at the rain and went into the equipment room to dig out his hooded poncho and white tennis shoes. "Angelo State has got some real monsters," he said. "They're liable to bury our poor skinny little boys in this mud. Lord help us nobody on our side gets drowned."

Texas A&I won the game on two touchdown passes by Ritchie and a defense that took the ball away from Angelo State at several critical moments. The next two weeks the Javelinas beat Tarleton State 28–0 and Sam Houston State 43–7 to remain at the top of the Lone Star Conference and the national NAIA rankings. As a wealthy alumnus said at the homecoming dance at the Elks Club in Kingsville, "I used to sit on the bench in college and watch old Gil run up and down the field. He had the ball in his arm then. Now he's maybe got a clipboard and a cigarette. But nobody ever could catch him." **END**

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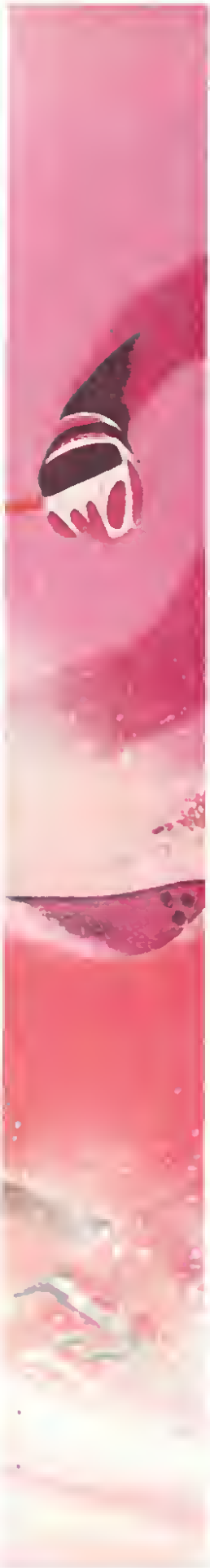
The fun begon folling out of skiing obout the time the first expert proclaimed thot it wos supposed to be o stylish sport, done just precisely so, ond for yeors students suffered the tyronny of one slavish technique or onother. Then come Interski, o teoching congress, and to the rescue come the U.S. demonstrotion teom, 10 eosy riders showing off the wide-stonce, hong-loose style thot promises to revitolize the sport oround the winter world. The key moves in this new mode ore coptured by Don Moss, who painted it while leorning it

Relax and take the hill as it comes: each ski stance is carrect (abovel, depending on the terrain. In the basic Christie (rightl, you steer in, legs apart, and then skid out.


SA

Picking up the pace (below), you apply independent leg action for better edge control, coming off a faster turn by stepping out of it and holding balance by shifting weight







In full attack (left), both skiers stick to wide stance, the man behind balanced on both skis, the one ahead weighting his downhill ski only. Both styles are correct. In the short-radius turn (below), facing downhill eliminates the need for shoulder rotation.



Secret of moguls? It's all in the knees, as shown by the entire team on the next pages. From left, Jens Husted, Scooter LaCouter, Jim Hinman, Jerry Warren, Steve Brätt, Bill Duddy, Paul Jones, Mike Porter, Chris Ryman and Bruce Bowlin, who represent a cross section of American ski areas.






moff

BACK TO THE BASICS

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

It is not a new skiing technique. It is more of a revival, getting skiing back to the way it was before the perfectionists took over. The style is definitely not elegant and rigid rules are out. In the illustrations on the preceding pages the instructors have one thing in common; they are skiing easily. Their legs are apart. They swing along in a natural, wide stance. Their arms are out. They are loose. Seeing them in action, one cannot help but think, "I can do that." One can. Anybody can.

These relaxed, make-it-look-easy moves comprise the American Ski Technique. It became official with its introduction last January in Czechoslovakia at an assemblage called Interski, a world congress of instructors. Max Lundberg of Alta, Utah, coach of the U.S. demonstration team, kept his explanation as simple as his method. The U.S. technique, he said, "was developed through observation . . . and experimentation by dedicated teachers who desire to improve the service we provide."

When the 10 U.S. instructors finished their routine before a hill full of critics, the response was enthusiastic. "Brilliant! Courageous!" said the Polish national coach, clasping Lundberg in a bear hug. "The time of marked national ski schools is over," noted members of the West German delegation. "The U.S. presentation was remarkable," wrote Editor Al Greenberg in *Skiing* magazine. "Its effect on ski teaching everywhere could be significant." The reactions were uniform in another respect. As a new teaching method, the U.S. technique promises to lead the rest of the world's skiing countries toward a unification that can only benefit a sport that has been confused too long by distinctive national styles.

This sort of revolution had to come sooner or later, and if the U.S. has fired the first shot, the other nations are just a stem turn behind. "At this Interski," noted Lundberg, "the most significant trend was that there were no extreme presentations. The demonstrations were straightforward and simple. The Austrians had always put on a radically different show of technique. Not this year. They used natural stance—not too low, not too high, just comfortable. They skied with a quieter upper body squared away more to the ski. The Italians had always been way out, with extreme anticipation in the upper body. This year there was none of that, just a gentle uphill movement of the hips, a gentle downhill rolling of the knees.

"Only the French were still skiing the way they always have, using an exaggerated circular projection and *avalement*, sitting back, swallowing the turn the way French racers do. They had a hard time holding their edges in the long turns on the demonstration hill. Some members of the French team told me that they felt they were not as relaxed and natural in their approach as they would like to be."

That did it. The era of one or two nations influencing the development of ski techniques has finally come to an end. And high time. Austrian domination of the sport goes back to the days of the bear-trap binding, when that country's first ski instructor, Mathias Zdarsky, introduced a classic move called the snowplow in the 1890s. Before and after World War I, another Austrian, Hannes Schneider (who later immigrated to the U.S.), developed the famous Arlberg technique, which included rotating the body in the direction of the turn. It was called the "parallel swing," and it was easier said than done. By 1935 still another Aus-

continued



Borrowing o touch from onother sport, the hockey stop (left) entoils on eosy down-and-side-thrust move. Running slalom gotes (right) brings it oll together: face downh ll, shift weight, keep feet opart—ond don't worry about style.

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trian, Friedl Wolfgang, preached shoulder rotation and added another touch: unweighting to the uphill ski as a "direct way to swinging." That's how parallel skiing was born, and thus began the enslavement of recreational skiers under its exacting rules. The menace spread.

Meanwhile, France added a new accent, the French technique as interpreted by Émile Allais. It threw a *ruade* into the parallel turn. The student was taught to gather speed before a turn, roll forward while rotating the body and lift his ski tails off the snow in a *ruade* or horse kick. The Austrians counterattacked in the 1950s with another impossible maneuver, literally reversing their style. Instead of rotating in the direction of the turn, they introduced counterrotation, an early shoulder rotation *away* from the direction of the turn, sort of like a pitcher winding up before throwing the ball.

The last confusing technique came at the 1955 Interski. Professor Stefan Kruckenhauser of Austria startled the skiing public with his *wedeln* style. This is translated as "wagging the tail"—without shoulder rotation—and for years it served to confirm what all students knew: at last there was a technique *nobody* could perform.

When the Professional Ski Instructors of America was founded a few years later, it inherited a monster of a system that included counterrotation, angulation (also called the comma position) and *wedeln*. It was a mess. It incorporated so many different and difficult turns, including one reverse-shoulder number aptly named the mambo, that beginners, faced with a tedious learning process for each move, doggedly stayed with the snowplow and stem turns and were never able to negotiate an exhilarating expert run. Learning to ski had become drudgery.

But help was on the way. Around 1960 Ernie Blake of Taos, N. Mex. and Clif Taylor at Hogback, Vt. began experimenting with short skis and introduced what was to become GLM—the Graduated Length Method. On short skis, beginners could quickly kick the snowplow habit and enjoy wide-stance parallel turns. The argument of these innovators was persuasive: Why should the glued-together parallel stance be the only acceptable way to ski? It was no longer necessary to be elegant; the natural look won and, at last, fun returned to skiing.

The rest was easy. Max Lundberg and his gang of 10 instructors incorporated the wide stance into each of their movements and added other dimensions—independent leg action, a feel for the terrain, an awareness of the body's assimilation of bumps and ruts. The wide stance provides stability and balance. Lundberg says, "Our concern is less with the perfection of maneuvers and more with the development of the basic skills required to adequately perform them."

Here are a few fundamentals from the American technique. Stepping around in a circle on skis is a Walking Pie Turn and serves, says Lundberg, "as the first learning phase of stepping on edges and a crude form of unweighting." On the hill, one can step around a turn much the same way, carving is for advanced skiers and something beginners do only to roast beef. The oldtime snowplow no longer exists. Instead Lundberg refers to a "wedge." "In the past," he says, "we drummed the snowplow into students so thoroughly that they could never get out of it. Now we slide into a wedge and avoid hard stemming. The legs work independently, the way they're supposed to work. Now we allow the downhill and the uphill ski to slip a little bit, and they just ease into the fall line anyway."

From the wedge, the American demonstrators progressed to wide-track long-radius Christies with both simultaneous leg rotation and independent leg action. Both ways work. In their closing show, the U.S. skiers poured it on by taking off in all directions, performing all kinds of turns at varying speeds, even displaying a Royal Christie borrowed from ballet skiing and adding a touch of racing with a giant slalom. And there wasn't a stylish wiggle in the works. It was a convincing show of basic skills carried to all levels.

However young, Lundberg's instructors were all teaching veterans. And they embraced the new program wholeheartedly. "In the old days," says Bill Duddy, senior supervisor of the Vail ski school, "we had the snowplow turn and the stem turns, and a beginner had to stay with these until he had perfected them. We are no longer confined to this type of slow teaching process." Chris Ryman of Alta, Utah says, "We have gotten away from the static parallel turn and we finally can enjoy total motion, freedom, versatility. It's what I call getting rid of the paralysis of the parallel." **END**

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL / *Larry Keith*

You're doin' fine, Oklaaaaaaa

Everything was up to date with Kansas; Oklahoma was not O.K.

It was not a good week for that exclusive uptown establishment known as the Brothers of the Top 20. Hungry outcasts from Kansas, North Carolina State, Stanford, Georgia and West Virginia upset the solid-gold applecarts of, respectively, Oklahoma, Penn State, Southern Cal, Florida and Pittsburgh. In the process, an awful lot of New Year's plans were changed, too.

The biggest shocker was Kansas beating Oklahoma 23-3 in Norman. Jayhawk Coach Bud Moore went slightly bonkers in calling it "the greatest victory there has ever been in the history of college football." Ditto Tackle Dave Scott, who suggested that the game ranked just behind "the coming of Christ." But the upset win certainly justified the dancing and hollering that went on in the team bus after the game, and the whooping, beer-burbling group that greeted the Jayhawks back home in Lawrence.

The loss ended Oklahoma's unbeaten streak at 37, fourth longest in college football history. It was Kansas' first win over the Sooners since 1964, Oklahoma's first loss at home since 1971 and Barry Switzer's first defeat as a head coach. "It ain't much fun," he said.

Last spring, realizing the inevitability of such an unhappy event, Switzer had said he hoped it would be "a good team that beats us, that we don't beat ourselves." Unfortunately, it was more the latter than the former. The Sooners committed turnovers in eight consecutive possessions. "We lost it ourselves," Switzer concluded. "We've played this way before against inferior teams, but we always got away with it. If you play a good team and make mistakes, you lose."

With a 5-3 record including a loss to Washington State, Kansas' chances seemed minimal before the game. The Jayhawks were hurting, and the Sooners were hoping to embarrass Moore. Last December, just after he moved his belongings from Bear Bryant's staff quarters to the head coach's office at Kansas, Moore had been quoted as saying that the Alabama wishbone was the best in the country.

So Oklahoma came out testy, but after the Jayhawks had held the Sooners to just a field goal in their first three possessions, Kansas Strong Safety Kurt Knoff began entertaining the heretical notion that "we might win."

The Oklahoma three-pointer—a 52-yard kick by Tony DiRienzo—was the game's first score. DiRienzo had shorter opportunities on the next two possessions, but one was blocked and the other, a 37-yarder, was wide to the left.

Through most of the first half, meanwhile, Kansas gains had been modest. But strange things began to happen when Eddie Lewis broke through to block a punt, which Mark Boyer recovered at the Sooner seven. Three plays later Quarterback Nolan Cromwell, the Big Eight's leading rusher, scored from the five, escaping several defenders on the way. Kansas suddenly was ahead 7-3—and Oklahoma's troubles had only begun.

On the Sooners' second play in the second half, a bad pitchout gave Kansas the ball and set up a 32-yard field goal by Bob Swift. That made it 10-3. Next possession, the Sooners ran twice and lost the ball again, at the OU 40. Here the Jayhawks got tricky. Facing a fourth and one at the 21, Moore passed up a field-goal attempt and sent Halfback Laverne Smith around right end. Smith turned the corner, juked Zac Henderson and went all the way for a touchdown. Now it was 16-3. After two more Sooner fumbles and a goal-line interception, Oklahoma Assistant Coach Larry Lacewell realized "it was obvious we were going to lose." On the other side of Owen Field, Cromwell was ecstatic. "As we got going in the third quarter we realized we would win," he said later. "We weren't in awe of Oklahoma anymore."

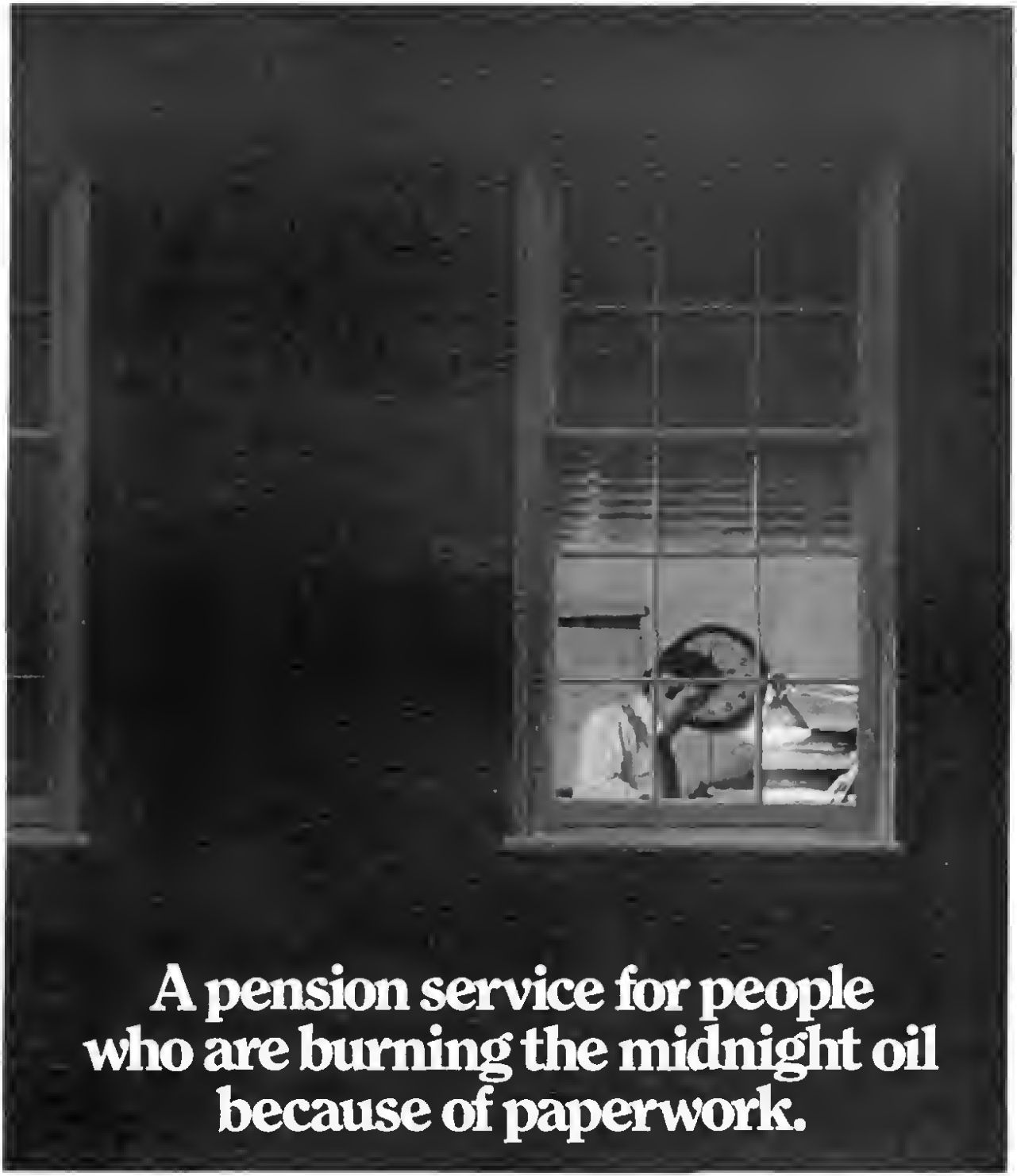
Certainly, Halfback Smith wasn't. He swept to the right again in the fourth quarter, scoring from 18 yards out to complete a drive that began at the Sooner 32. Overall, Smith had 88 yards on 18 carries while Cromwell, who did not throw a pass, had 69 on 23.

Oklahoma still had a few more errors to go, but the game was over. Sooner backs fumbled so many times, four in all, that Kansas Linebacker Rick Kovatch said later the surest place to find the

continued



QUARTERBACK CROMWELL PUT KANSAS AHEAD WITH HIS SECOND-QUARTER SCORE



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ball was "on the ground." The turnovers, of course, presented considerable problems for the Sooner defense. "They had to take their toll on our minds," Guard Dewey Selmon said, trying not to be too critical. "I mean, we're human."

Oklahoma's Horace Ivory gained 139 yards, but Joe Washington was held to an all-too-human 63. "We laid our ears back and started sticking them," said Kansas Tackle Mike Butler, who played very well despite an injured leg.

What does it all mean? "I don't know how it will affect the Big Eight," Moore said, "but it sure helped the University of Kansas."

And did not help the University of Oklahoma. The Sooners probably have lost the national championship, although they can salvage at least a tie for the Big Eight title and go to the Orange Bowl by defeating Missouri and Nebraska.

This won't be easy. Though it won its first eight games, Oklahoma looked vulnerable. Now, the deed having been done, the Sooners may be headed for still more trouble. But despite the defeat, last Saturday afternoon was not a total loss for Switzer. His 6-year-old daughter Kathy came up to him after the game and whispered very daughterly into his ear, "Even though you lost, Daddy, I still love you."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

SOUTH "If the ifs and buts were candy and nuts, we'd all have a merry Christmas," said Allen Trammell, an assistant coach for Florida, another victim of the underdog bite. Doing the biting in the Southeastern Conference clash were Georgia's Bulldogs, 10–7 winners.

A couple of hours before game time, Georgia Coach Vince Dooley minimized his team's chances by saying, "We're small, but that's O.K. because we're also slow."

Florida Coach Doug Dickey tried to pep up his Gators by saying, "Just keep piling the chips on the table and tell 'em to deal. Now go out there and get ugly."

Getting ugly, and just plain dirty, was easy, because a thunderstorm had gunked up the Gator Bowl. Florida repeatedly turned scoring chances into "ifs" and "buts," and led only 7–3 with less than four minutes left. Then Georgia got the ball on its own 20 and Offensive Coordinator Bill Pace sent in a play, one he changed because of a TV timeout. His second thought was the wide-counter-pass, which Quarterback Matt Robinson got in motion by handing off to Tight End Richard Appleby, who is eminently strong of arm but horribly lacking in form. Appleby wafted a pass more than 50 yards to the Florida 30, a pathetic, struggling-for-life toss that served its purpose when Flanker Gene Washington caught up with it and took it into the end zone. There was still time for the ugly Gators; they had possession on the Georgia 21 with 1:09 to play. Then came more "buts" and an "if." Florida tried three passes. Zero. So the Gators went for a field goal and a tie. They might have achieved that if the ball had been centered properly. It was not, and the Gators were through.

Alabama struggled to a 23–10 win over

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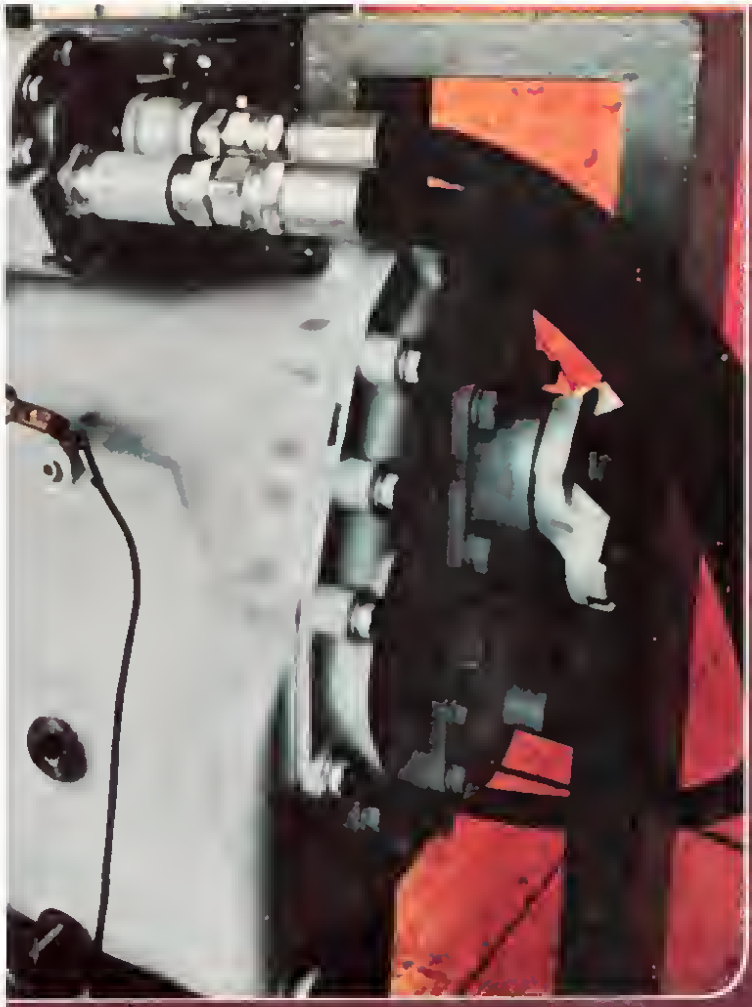
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LSU. The victory was the 250th for Bear Bryant and assured the Crimson Tide of at least a tie for the SEC title. Alabama, which forced seven LSU turnovers, got all of its second-half points on field goals of 50, 42 and 25 yards by Bucky Berrey.

Auburn salvaged a 21–21 SEC tie with Mississippi State, thanks to four field goals by Neil O'Donoghue, one from 54 yards out.

Richmond beat The Citadel 7–0 to wrap up the Southern Conference championship. East Carolina set league records for rushing (633 yards) and total offense (690 yards) in demolishing Virginia 61–10.

Air Force came from 12 points back to down Tulane 13–12. Navy also rallied, falling behind 16–3 to Miami before revving up for a 17–16 win. But Fairleigh Dickinson did not come from behind. It got there fast, stayed there and lost to Bowie State 83–0.

1. Alabama (8-1)
2. Georgia (7-2) 3. Florida (7-2)

MIDWEST

Kicker Tom Skladany was so happy about Ohio State's 40–3 thrashing of Illinois that he talked backwards, and Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler was so ecstatic about his 28–0 defeat of Purdue that he resorted to mild theatrics. Skladany, who set Big Ten records with a 56.5-yard punting average on four kicks and a 59-yard field goal, likes to pronounce words in reverse and after the game gave renditions of two of his favorites. Esor Lwob. Buckeye Safety Tim Fox, who ran 20 yards with an intercepted pass for a touchdown and then did a somersault in the end zone, explained his antics by saying, "I get tired of people doing all those dances." Fox' act stole the show from a hot-air balloon painted to look like a giant tomato that floated over the stadium advertising a pizza parlor. Other happy Buckeyes were Archie Griffin, whose 127 yards gave him a career total of 5,007, and Pete Johnson, whose two touchdowns set a Big Ten season record of 21. As for Schembechler, it was Rick Leach, a left-handed freshman quarterback, who put him in high spirits by passing for 218 yards. "On only nine passes," marveled Bo as he exuberantly cranked up his left arm and feigned horror about throwing so often. Six of Leach's tosses were caught, five by Jim Smith, one for an 83-yard touchdown that was the longest pass play in Wolverine history.

Minnesota's Tony Dungy hit on 17 of 25 passes for 193 yards in a 33–9 bombing of Northwestern. Michigan State survived six turnovers to down Indiana 14–6. Iowa, with its highest point total in 72 games, won its second game in a row for the first time since 1969 by defeating Wisconsin 45–28.

Nebraska took advantage of Oklahoma's loss and moved to the top of the Big Eight with a 12–0 decision over Kansas State. Tailback Monte Anthony picked up 107 yards for the Cornhuskers, and Tony Davis added 74. Missouri wiped out Iowa State 44–14. Colorado got 196 yards from fullbacks Terry Kunz and Jim Kelleher in a 17–7 defeat of Oklahoma State.

Georgia Tech came to Notre Dame with the best rushing average in the country—376.4 yards a game—and looked like it would live up to its stats when Pat Moriarity dashed 38 yards on the first play. From there on, though, the Yellow Jackets' running game was pinched off and Notre Dame's went into high gear. Irish Halfback Jerome Heavens scored on runs of 16 and 73 yards and had 148 yards all told, five more than Tech, which lost 24–3. The Yellow Jackets were also frustrated when they passed, all four attempts failing.

Third-straight league titles were sewed up by Tulsa, which walloped Missouri Valley

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foe Drake 70–7, and by Miami of Ohio, whose Sherman Smith scored four times in a 44–21 romp over Mid-American opponent Western Michigan. A month after being demoted to third string because he kept fumbling, Tailback Jamie Franklin scored three touchdowns as Maryland beat Cincinnati 21–19.

1. Ohio State (9-0)
2. Nebraska (9-0) 3. Oklahoma (8-1)

EAST "I think Johnny Evans' quick kick was the nicest thing I've seen since I met my wife," said North Carolina State Coach Lou Holtz after upsetting Penn State 15–14. Evans got one off his boot on a third-and-21 play in the fourth period, an 81-yarder that finally stopped rolling on Penn State's 10. The Wolfpack had battled back from a 14–0 deficit, taking the lead on Jay Sherrill's 24-yard field goal early in the fourth quarter. North Carolina State's touchdowns both came on one-yard plunges by Ted Brown, and its victory was sealed when Chris Bahr missed a last-ditch 46-yard field goal.

A counterpoint to that miss was a hit on a 38-yarder by Bill McKenzie with four seconds to go that enabled West Virginia to jolt Pittsburgh 17–14. McKenzie, a sophomore walk-on, had kicked only one field goal in high school and but two all season. Pitt's Tony Dorsett, who ran for 107 yards, had made it 14–14 on a nine-yard pass play in the fourth period and it seemed that Coach Bobby Bowden of West Virginia would have to settle for his first tie in 22 years of coaching. But his Mountaineers got the ball for one last time with 10 seconds to go, and Quarterback Dan Kendra set up the field goal with a 26-yard pass to Randy Swinson. McKenzie's boot put the icing on a couple of birthday cakes—Mountaineer Field's 50th and Bowden's 46th.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Bob Farnham, a 5'10" end from Brown, set an Ivy League single-game record with 14 pass receptions, scored one touchdown and accounted for 186 yards as the Bruins tore into Cornell for a convincing 45–23 victory.

DEFENSE. Although hampered by a dislocated kneecap, Tackle Mike Butler was a big factor in Kansas' 23–3 upset of Oklahoma, making six tackles, forcing a Sooner fumble and perking up the surprisingly resolute Jayhawk defense.

With Bob Bateman and Paul Michalko completing 25 of 42 passes for 363 yards, Brown crumpled Cornell 45–23. That win, coupled with Harvard's loss to Princeton, moved the Bruins (4-0-1) to the top of the Ivy League. Early in the fourth quarter, with the Crimson trailing 24–0, hundreds of Harvard fans began leaving the stadium to beat the traffic. As soon as they did the Crimson got under way, too. Sophomore Quarterback Tim Davenport, who had played just three minutes all season, rallied Harvard for 20 points in 7½ minutes before running out of magic. Yale (4-1) tied Harvard for second place, stopping Penn 24–14 as Don Gesicki gained 164 yards rushing. Dartmouth, which had knocked off Columbia for its 300th victory in 1937 and for its 400th in 1960, kept the sequence going with a 22–17 come-from-behind win for its 500th.

Four touchdowns each by Glen Capriola of Boston College and Curt Edwards of Rutgers spurred their teams to romps, 31–0 over Army and 48–6 over Lafayette. Massachusetts, getting three touchdowns from Rich Jessamy, beat Holy Cross 45–13 to post its eighth win.

1. Penn State (8-2)
2. West Virginia (7-2) 3. Pittsburgh (6-3)

WEST A foot, an arm and lots of strong legs earned Pacific Eight wins for Stanford, California and UCLA. As the clock atop the Los Angeles Coliseum periscope ticked off the final minute Stanford's Mike Langford jogged in place, did deep knee bends, "anything to keep warm and build my concentration," he said. Langford, who had already kicked a 55-yard field goal, knew he would soon be called upon because USC and Stanford were deadlocked at 10-all. With five seconds left, the Cardinals called a time-out. Langford, whose 33-yarder in the final nine seconds had tied Michigan two months ago, hit this time from 37 yards out for a 13–10 victory that enhanced Stanford's chances for a Rose Bowl trip and virtually eliminated USC's.

At Berkeley's Memorial Stadium, a sign read NEXT HOME GAME, ROSE BOWL. With Joe Roth finding his receivers on 24 of 37 passes for 380 yards and four touchdowns, the Golden Bears won 27–24 over Washington, which had previously yielded only 70.5 yards passing per game. Steve Rivera had 10 receptions for 183 yards and two TDs. That gave Rivera 29 catches in the last three games and 44 for the season. The Huskies, however, were not easily subdued, especially Fullback Robin Earl, who hammered out 130 yards in 30 carries. Washington Coach Don James refused to settle for a tie with a late field-goal attempt, saying, "It was all or nothing. We wanted the bowl, too." On fourth down from the Bear 29, the Huskies passed. Incomplete. But wait! California had 12 men on the field. Penalty. Another chance. From the 24, Washington tried a second pass but this too fell incomplete.

A third team with a rosy outlook was UCLA, which legged its way past Oregon 50–17. The Bruins outrushed the Ducks 162 yards to one as they built up a 20-0 first-period lead. Every one of UCLA's 479 yards came on the ground, with Quarterback John Sciarra scampering for 109 yards. Sciarra broke loose for scoring runs of 10, 22 and seven yards as he brought his touchdown total to 13.

All of which means that if UCLA (4-1) takes its final two games from Oregon State and USC it will go to the Rose Bowl because it has beaten both California (5-1) and Stanford (4-1), who will face each other in a season-ender on Nov. 22.

Undefeated Arizona State figured to have an easy time in a Western AC tussle against Wyoming, a loser in seven of eight games. And certainly the Sun Devils would not have to worry about Cowboy runners, for State had not given up a touchdown on the ground all year. Whereupon Wyoming ripped for 275 yards and three touchdowns on the ground. After a fourth-quarter Cowboy touchdown made the score 21–20 State, Wyoming Coach Fred Akers decided to go for the two-point conversion, but Safety John Harris stacked up the run. Freddie Williams, who boosted his running yardage to 1,108 with 174 yards and scored twice, was the Sun Devils' prime mover.

Sixty-four passes filled the air as Arizona rallied to defeat previously unbeaten San Diego State 31–24. Wildcat Bruce Hill completed 14 of 20 for three touchdowns and 169 yards, while Craig Penrose of the Aztecs was 25 for 43 for 258 yards and two touchdowns. But three of Penrose's tosses were picked off, the final one with 35 seconds remaining to preserve Arizona's win.

1. Arizona State (9-0)
2. UCLA (6-2-1) 3. USC (7-2)

SOUTHWEST Two brothers and a barefoot freshman were instrumental in Southwest Conference wins by Texas and Texas A&M. Sophomore Fullback Earl Campbell rumbled past the 1,000-yard mark with 133 yards and scored twice to bring his touchdown total to 12 as the Longhorns whipped Baylor 37–21. One of his TDs was set up by his freshman brother Tim, a defensive end, with the first of his two fumble recoveries.

Shoeless Tony Franklin kicked field goals of 50, 35 and 27 yards as the Aggies toppled SMU 36–3. Linebacker Ed Simonini contributed a 48-yard scoring jaunt after picking off a fumble in midair. Texas Tech crunched TCU 34–0, and Arkansas overcame Rice 26–16 as Steve Little kicked four field goals.

Virginia Tech and Houston amassed 49 points in the second half, the Gobblers winning 34–28 when Linebacker Doug Thacker returned an interception 34 yards for a TD.

1. Texas A&M (8-0)
2. Texas (8-1) 3. Arkansas (8-2)

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Sandy Hawley's light touch brings Nobiliary in over Comtesse de Loir (nose just visible)

O.K., bring on the boys

Nelson Bunker Hunt's 3-year-old filly Nobiliary won an impressive International—and prepared to hook up with colts in Florida races

Nobiliary is a 3-year-old and good. Really good—and perhaps far more than that. Last June she finished second in the English Derby at Epsom Downs, the first filly in the money in that classic in nearly 70 years. And what she did last week in the 24th running of the $150,000 Washington, D.C., International at Maryland's Laurel Race Course stamps her as something rare yet enduring, a filly to build dreams on. She is right there with Ruffian, Susan's Girl, Dahlia and Allez France of recent vintage and perhaps eventually she will rank with Gallorette, Twilight Tear, Regret and Top Flight, heroines of the past.

In midstretch of the International, Nobiliary, despite sticky 80° heat and a 10-minute delay at the starting gate, which should have dissipated some of her energy, had been carrying the lead for more than 1¼ miles, blinking her taillights at the best field ever to compete in the race. And then, indomitably, she dug in to win by three-quarters of a length under a fine ride by Sandy Hawley. In the bizarre history of the International only two other horses had raced in front for that long and mustered the resolution required to continue on and win. The first was Bald Eagle in 1960, and by doing so he earned the American handicap championship. Three years later Mongo became the second and was named only the year's champion on grass for it, because the horse Mongo beat that day was Kelso, who had won eight consecutive stakes before the International on the way to the fourth of his five straight Horse of the Year titles.

Behind Nobiliary on Saturday were the first three finishers in this year's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, the world's most prestigious horse race; the 1974 Epsom Derby winner; Italy's premier runner; America's top grass horse, and the winner's own stablemate, Dahlia, a millionairess and the only 3-year-old filly before Nobiliary to win an International. That was in 1973. When Nobiliary got to the winner's circle she had to sustain a frivolous claim of foul, and she had enough spunk left to break the shank holding her and run off free for something like an eighth of a mile.

Those who do not follow racing closely may have looked upon this year's International as greatly diminished because three of the horses who were supposed to be there—Forego, Wajima and Allez France—never made it. In the fortnight before the race Forego and Allez France were injured, while Wajima's owners just plain decided to duck out of what had been announced as his last race before retiring to stud. All three, though, would have been suspect, for neither Forego nor Wajima had ever raced on grass, and Allez France, despite the excellence of her bloodlines and the heft of her bank account—$1,386,146, tops among female horses—has a gap in her record as wide as the Bois de Boulogne. She has never won a race at any track other than Longchamp and Chantilly.

Nobiliary is a true internationalist. Her sire, Vaguely Noble, raced in France and England and now stands at Gainesway Farm on Paris Pike in Lexington, Ky. Owner Nelson Bunker Hunt is from Texas and races horses in Australia, Ireland, Italy and New Zealand as well as England, France and the United States. Trainer Maurice Zilber was born in Egypt, the son of a Turkish mother and a Hungarian father with a French passport. Hawley is out of Oshawa, Ontario, Canada.

Nevertheless, there were wrinkles on Nobiliary's international invitation. She really wasn't asked in the way the other eight starters were. Dahlia is Hunt's favorite, but he wanted Nobiliary in the International, too, partly because, like Dahlia, she was sired by Vaguely Noble, in whom Hunt has a 50% interest; he also thought she could do well on the Laurel grass.

"I suppose you could say that I forced her into the race a little bit," said Hunt. "I suggested her strongly to John Schapiro [the originator of the International]. John sometimes can use a little advice on who he asks to come and I gave him mine about Nobiliary. I was willing to pay her way just to give her the chance."

Now that she has made the most of it, Hunt can use Nobiliary to try to fulfill a goal he has long coveted. This winter the filly will be shipped to Florida to prepare for a winter campaign in the U.S. The Hialeah meeting is rich in turf races such as the $50,000 Bougainvillea Handicap and the $100,000 Hialeah Turf Cup.

continued





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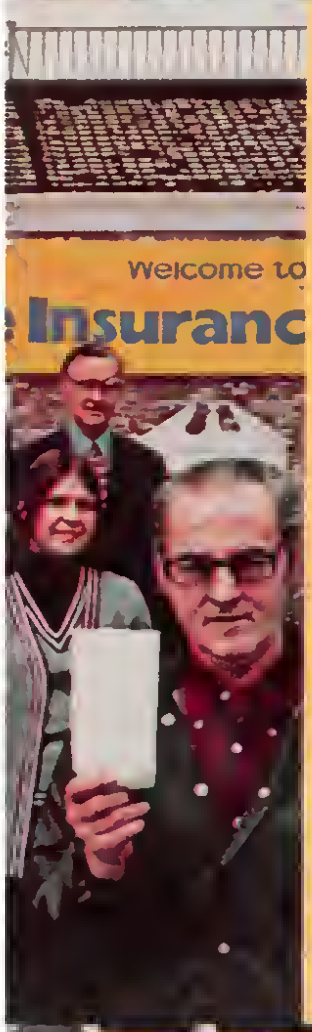
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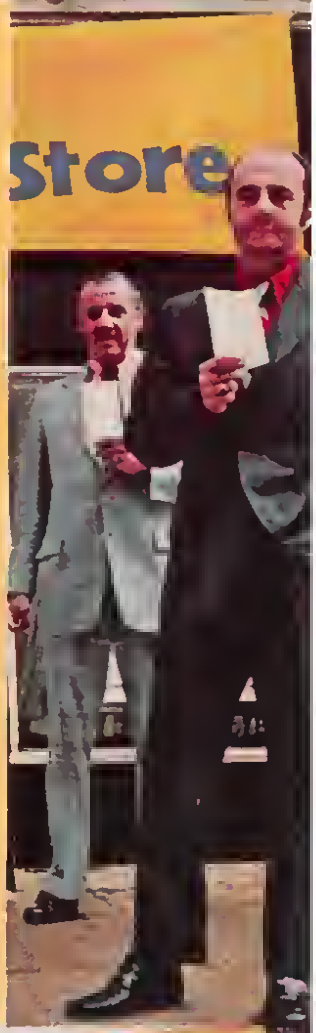
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Hunt will turn Nobiliary over to Trainer Woody Stephens, who has won more than 150 major stakes races in North America, including two Internationals (with Bald Eagle) and the 1974 Kentucky Derby (Cannonade). After the Florida season Hunt will ship Nobiliary back to Europe.

"One of the major differences between racing in Europe and in this country," Hunt said, "is that there is enough money in filly races in the United States so that fillies don't face colts too often. That isn't so in Europe, so trainers are not afraid to send fillies against colts. It could be a thing American trainers have been wrong about for many years." Nobiliary's winter stint may well support her owner's theory.

Zilber, the man who sends Hunt's fillies against the colts in Europe, is one of the world's finest trainers and poorest sportsmen. At 53 he has no peer among trainers as a "jockey knocker." Had he been tightening girths in the 11th century he would have been the first in the streets of Coventry to find flaws in Ms. Godiva's riding style. Zilber knocks them all, from Lester Piggott to Yves St. Martin to Bilty Pyers.

Three weeks ago Zilber criticized Sandy Hawley's ride on Dahlia in the $150,000 Canadian International, asserting that the jockey had waited too long before moving in the stretch. Hawley must be doing something right, though. This year his mounts have earned $3.2 million, up $1 million from his best previous season. At Laurel, Zilber first listed St. Martin to ride Nobiliary and Hawley to ride Dahlia. But he had a pretty good idea that wouldn't work because St. Martin is too heavy to accept the 117 pounds assigned to Nobiliary, the lightweight in the race. Thus, Hawley got to ride her.

"Nobiliary has an extremely sensitive mouth," Hawley said afterward. "You have to use a light touch with her." And he did exactly that.

Zilber was asked what he thought of Hawley's performance. "Some days he rides well," was the response.

More important is the fact that Nobiliary will be running in this country, at least for a while. With the death of Ruffian, the retirement of Wajima and Susan's Girl and the sad prospect that grand old Forego might not be able to return from the latest of his injuries, she is most welcome. **END**



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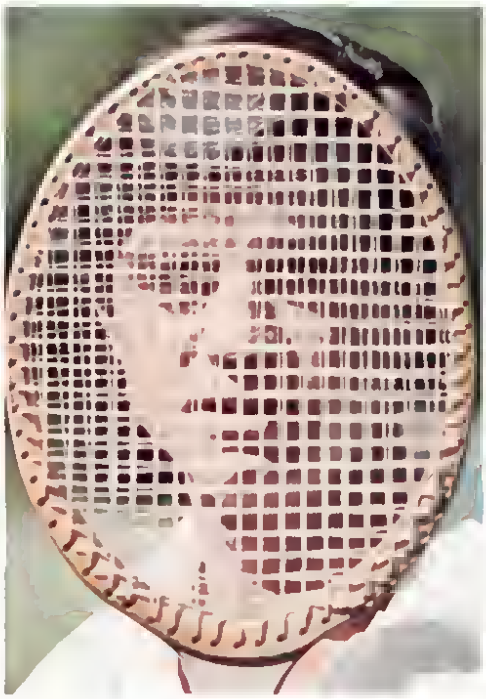
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Robin Blackburne, the man behind this strange racket, cries "Eureka!"

Goodby to the woodsies

This may sound like the beginning of an international espionage plot, but right now, in the ramshackle basement of a Victorian cottage deep within the grounds of the old Ardsheal estate in the parish of Paget outside the glistening cobblestones of Hamilton, Bermuda, there is a wonderfully mad British wine merchant concocting the perfect gift for the tennis player who has every string, uh, thing. It is a racket with strings on both sides.

What Robin Blackburne devoutly hopes is that people will look before they laugh, contemplate the phenomenon before condemning it and, especially, that tennis players will rush to the net with it before rushing to judgment about his revolutionary creation.

Blackburne's idea, in short, is to eliminate the so-called "wood shot" or "miss-hit" by eliminating the frame itself from the hitting area of the racket. To this end, he has invented one whose strings are constructed along the same plane as the frame. Rather than ending at the frame, the gut or nylon is strung *through* the frame all the way around. This gives the racket two different string faces and results in nearly solid hitting surfaces on both sides, unencumbered by the ridges of wood or metal or fiber glass or graphite or any other of that nasty hard stuff that makes up the frame and interrupts the sweet "bing" sound of a well-struck tennis shot.

On first thought, if this instrument appears impossible to string and doomed to the problems of stress breakage as well as excess head weight; if Blackburne's claim that it presents a player with "90% more hitting area" sounds like gross exaggeration; if the racket itself seems too funny looking to be true—it probably is, all of that. But the bottom line is that it works.

Finely honed and wrinkle-free (which, if the thing ever gets into mass production, it most assuredly will be), this is a racket with which you can hit a shot almost on the edge and never feel the difference as the ball jets into the deepest corner for an outright winner.

Blackburne, age 42, derived inspiration for this hackers' dream tool from the difficult experiences of a doubles partner, George Wardman. Like a few of us who tend to grow older rather than younger, Wardman, the owner of the Coral Beach and Tennis Club in Bermuda, found himself having increasing problems with "frame shots" as he advanced into his 60s, playing in the late-afternoon light on his private grass court.

"It infuriated George that he kept hitting these woodsies," says Blackburne. "Then one day it suddenly occurred to me. Eureka! [Blackburne actually says things like woodsies and eureka] The wood of the racket clearly projected half an inch out from the strings. If the entire surface were flat rather than ridged, there would be almost no wood shots."

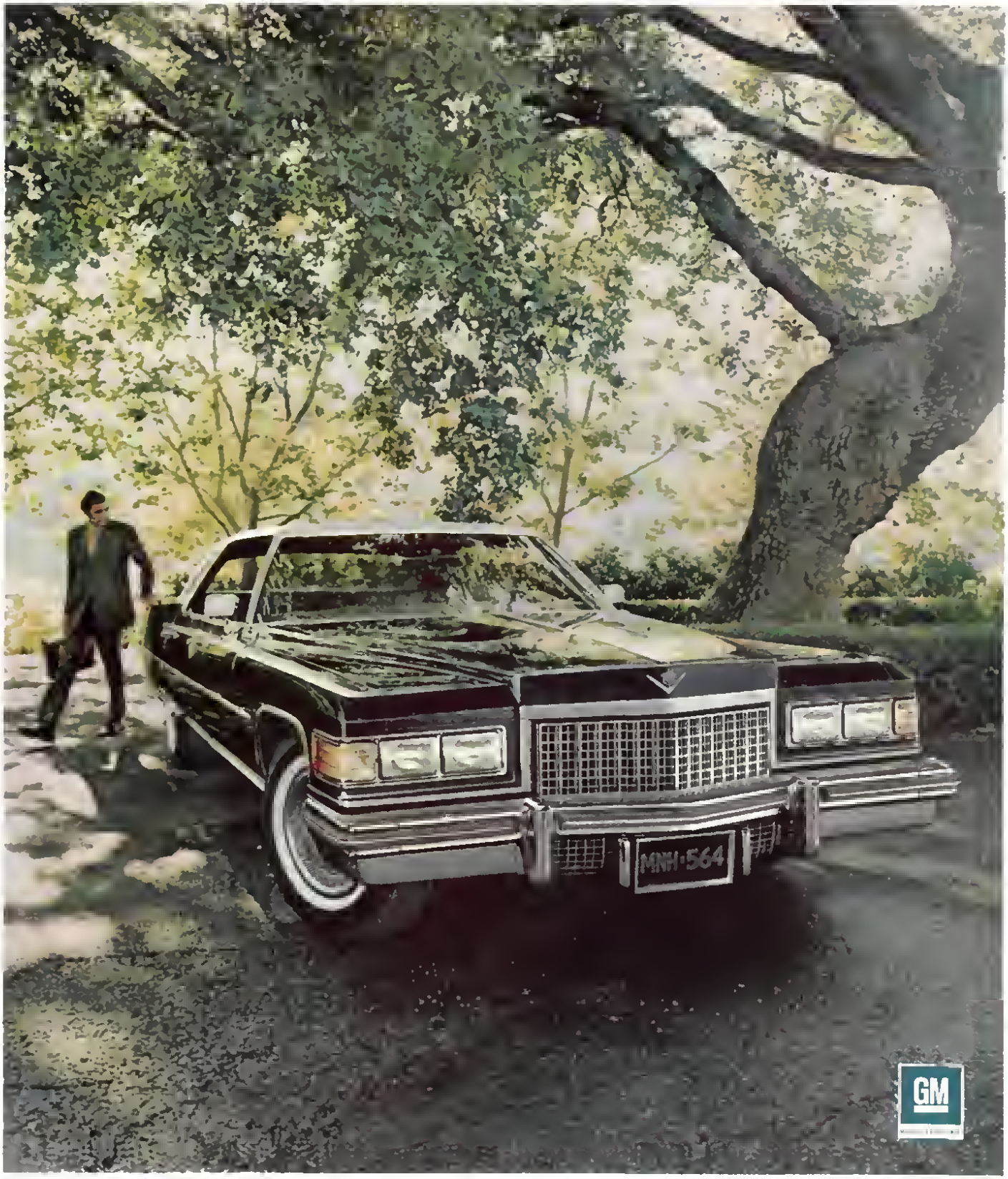
If this seems more an elementary notion than a discovery for the ages, Blackburne is prepared. "A tennis ball is struck on the principle of a dart board," he says. "You aim at the middle, but most darts end up all around the circumference. Most players hit the ball nearer the frame than the sweet spot. Even at the net the average player often hits the ball on the frame. Only the best pros catch the ball in the middle constantly. Yet who among us has not seen even Rocket Rod slash one off the wood on occasion?

"Why, at Paris last year, I counted the number of frame shots in the men's doubles at the French Open. At least two or three occurred almost every game. I figured that to eliminate the ridge on a racket would be to find paradise."

After long hours spent accumulating drawings and specifications, testing different materials, discussing theories with patent agents and keeping his idea secret to the point of acting absurdly mysterious while carrying around preliminary sketches in a black bag, Blackburne finished his first prototype two years ago. He had used an old Slazenger frame, some used nylon string, an iron vise and three awls. He worked through the night and at dawn rushed to the Coral Beach courts only to discover the tennis backboard had been removed So he went to a lawyer friend's home, borrowed a backboard and started hitting balls. "Eureka!" Blackburne said again. It worked.

Since then, Blackburne has "restrung" almost all the big-name manufacturers' models—Wilson, Dunlop, Bancroft and Head, even the French Gauthier and the new graphite jobs—and some companies have expressed interest in production. At this point, however, everybody has been stumped by the fact that no machine exists to handle the double strings, by the heavy stress factor that causes conventional wood rackets to crack along the laminations and by excess head weight. Given the trend to lighter rackets, nobody wants to swing one that may feel

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Dayton
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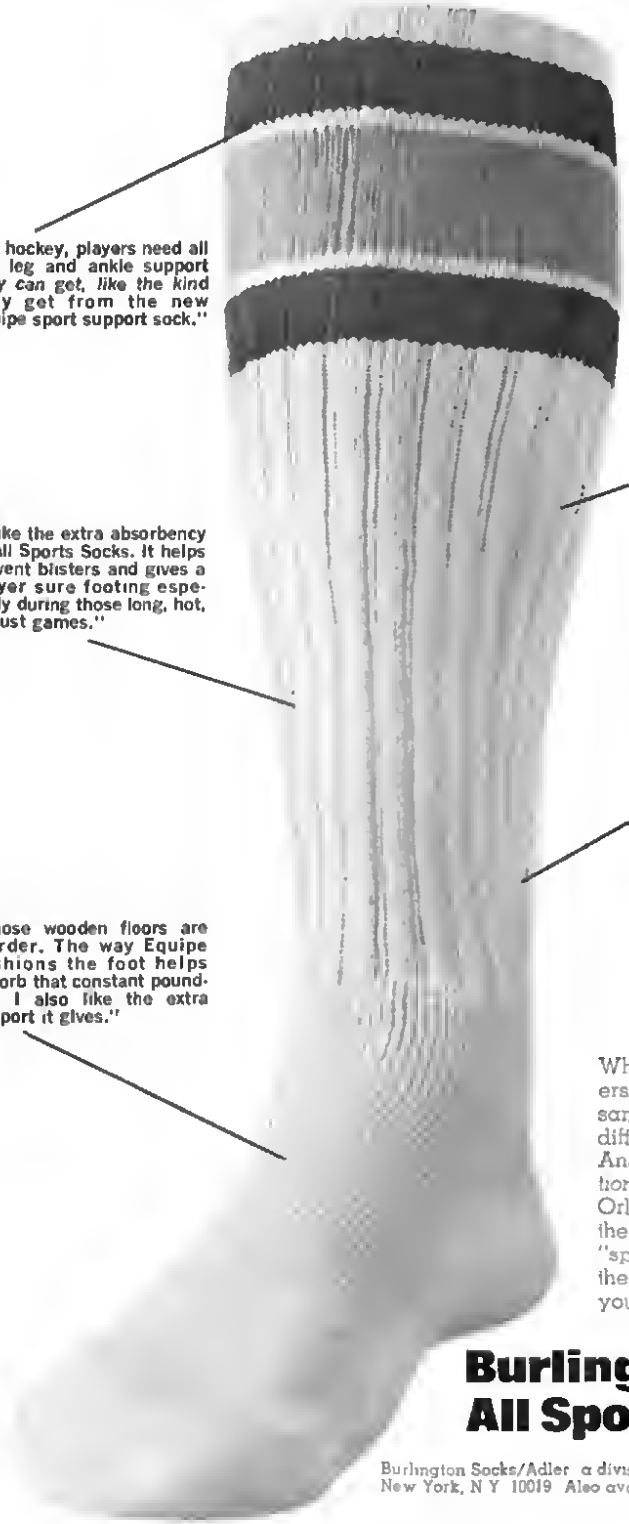


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like a five-iron with a watermelon stuck on the end.

That old miracle graphite could be the savior of the Blackburne innovation. "It used to frighten me that almost no rackets cost over $45," he says, "but suddenly this bloody good graphite number is going for $150 and up, and they can't sell enough of them. Graphite's strength-to-weight ratio is staggering. The material can withstand the stress my double-stringing demands, and it will be light enough as well. As for the cost, I remember the original ball-point pen sold for $35 in the 1940s. The demand should far exceed the supply for this, too. For a while."

A veteran at the game of revolutionary inventions to save mankind, Blackburne's recent past is filled with ideas whose times haven't come. He grew up in England before moving to Bermuda 15 years ago and founding the Bristol Cellar, that beauteous pink island's leading wine merchants. He has since thought up a new reading device for hospitalized invalids, an original electric razor and a snow ski that is so revolutionary he won't even tell his tall, blonde and exquisite wife Joy what it is.

"I've always been dissatisfied with the design of things," Blackburne says. "My grandfather said, 'The lazy take the most pains,' and I guess I'm lazy enough to work my rear off to find an easier way of not working. Or to make a change. Even the bastardization of the English language by commerce gets to me. I would make it against the law to use words out of our dictionary as product labels. 'Dash,' 'Tide,' 'Whiz,' 'Velvet Squeeze,' whatever. It's awful what they've done to words. Why not name products with nonwords? Why not call a soap 'Pling,' for instance?"

His family—Joy; their young daughters, Amanda and Sacha; the cats, Spic and Span; and the rabbits, Romulus and Remus—all have come to an enviable accommodation with the fanciful flights of the head of the clan. Likewise, Blackburne's friends and neighbors. "This time, with the crazy racket thing," says one friend, "I think that Robin's made one too many trips down to the wine cellar."

But the creator has found solace in and gained increasing confidence from the reactions to his racket by important people in the tennis community. While de-

continued



ploring the appearance of the instrument, most of the players who have used it admit it "plays better than it looks."

Vitas Gerulaitis, the young American pro, reached the finals of the Princess Hotel Invitational in Bermuda against Jimmy Connors recently. He hit with the racket a couple of times and said it "felt good, easy to get used to." Gerulaitis told Blackburne he'd "make a *lot* of bread on it." And Jack Kramer said he loved the idea.

One morning at breakfast, while discussing the ignominy of frame shots with Kramer, Blackburne dramatically pulled some rackets from his black bag. Kramer was awestruck. "Of course," he exclaimed. "You've got it!"

Even if Blackburne hasn't got it, in the event that he gets his double-stringed brainstorm into production, surely there are enough wealthy hackers out there who will fall over themselves buying it just to be the first on their blocks. Still, the inventor opts for the practicality of the instrument over the novelty. "Tennis is such a percentage game of inches," he says, "that a single shot which does or does not go in on match point means $25,000 to these professional chaps. Is my racket, which would save them that point on a frame shot, worth that much? At a lower level of play, is it worth more than that in pride? Of course it is."

Blackburne himself has achieved some measure of that pride by using the racket to win the first tournament of his career, a mixed-doubles affair at Coral Beach. "I can't play with the ancient standard thing anymore," he says. "I see one of them lying around and say to myself, 'What old-fashioned-looking trash.'"

Ah, but what to call the revolutionary new weapon? Blackburne has thought of affixing his own name to it, calling it "Robinsky's Racket," but he admits that would be ill-advised. If such a unique gimmick cannot earn attention on its own—surely a thought to be perished—it may need something more catchy. Already it has been suggested to Blackburne that he go more show biz, that he choose a crowd-appealing moniker like "Double-Trouble," for instance. Or "The Two-Face." Something like that.

Lastly, of course, there is always "Pling"—if Procter & Gamble hasn't arrived there first. After all, Robin Blackburne invented Pling, too. **END**



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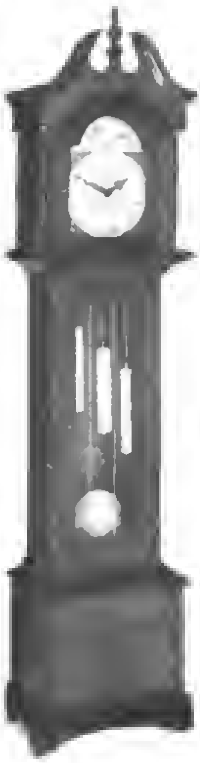
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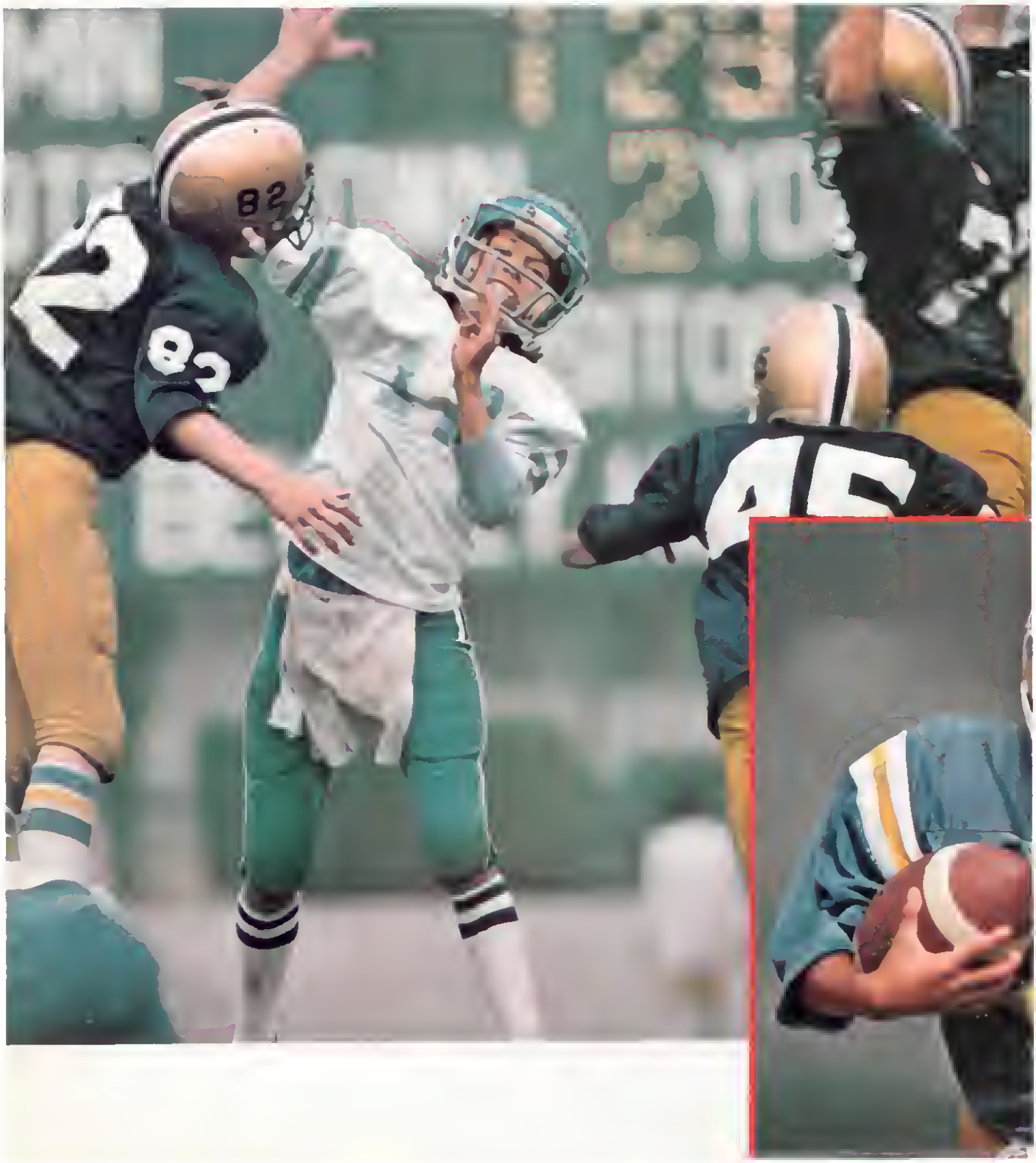
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Taking the Fun Out of a Game



Kids play football because they enjoy it. But adults want kids to play little league football for a lot of other reasons—and that's where all the trouble starts

by John Underwood

The little league football season is in full swing, and we are reassured by its advocates and commercial sponsors that it is good stuff, keeping kids off the streets and out of the clutches of juvenile authorities. Also teaching them discipline, teamwork, respect for authority (*i.e.*, coaches), zone defenses, veer and winged-T offenses and the value of making more effective use of their little bodies—forearms, heads, elbows and other weapons.

continued



Little league football, being more costly to operate, did not catch on as quickly as Little League baseball (the latter is capitalized, courtesy of the Congress of the U.S.), but once it did it spread like tidewater across the country. Now, apparently, there is no stopping it. From the lofty hamlets of Colorado to the red-neck towns of Mississippi, in spacious Montana and spaced-out Manhattan, 8- and 10-year-olds, wearing globular helmets that sometimes spin on their heads at impact, go to war against other 8- and 10-year-olds, often bewildered but always stylish in eight pounds of vinyl, polyurethane and viscose tailoring, at $100 per costume. Miniature cheerleaders bounce up and down like fish on a line, cheering indiscriminately (it is difficult at that age to tell offense from defense). Sometimes bands play.

Little league moms and pops, bursting with pride that their youngsters have been detoured from lives of crime, crowd the sidelines to encourage them, the veins sticking out on their necks. Grown-up officials in striped shirts blow their whistles in a cacophony of authority and tower over the action like Gulliver over the Lilliputians. Coaches scream and yell at the pint-size warriors and sometimes tell the officials a thing or two as well, in the best tradition of American athletic encouragement. "I've been asked if I sometimes think I'm Vince Lombardi," says one kids' league coach in Boston. "I say that sometimes I think I'm Lombardi and other times I think I'm Knute Rockne."

Little league football runs along very well-organized lines, like Little League baseball, but it comes in a greater variety of packaging. Most popular is the Pop Warner League, credited with launching the whole business in 1929 when Joseph Tomlin, a Philadelphia stockbroker, formed the league and named it after the old Carlisle coach, Glenn Scobie (Pop) Warner. Warner must have made a big impression on Tomlin because he also named his son after him (Glenn, not Pop).

The Pop Warners have lost a little of their luster and a few of their members in recent years because, for one thing, some nitpickers in California couldn't get answers to the question of where their registration money was going. They requested a financial statement and were refused. Nevertheless, the Pop Warners still account for 5,700 teams (about 175,000 young people) in 39 states and Mexico, and make up the only national group. Other local and regional leagues such as Football United International, American Youth Football and Khoury League have sprung up like pizza parlors across the country and are structured along similar lines, usually requiring a franchise for the league, and proof of birth and registration fees of $10 to $30 for players. Those whose parents do not pony up get their unconditional release.

League makeup does vary. If a parent has the nerve, he can shove Junior into the Dallas recreation department's football program at five, providing he is potty-trained, but usually a boy must reach the ripe old age of seven before he is strapped and cushioned and sent to battle. Leagues are divided by age (7- and 8-year-olds, 9- and 10-year-olds, on to 15) or by grades in school; and by weight (40-to-70-pound "tiny tots," 50-to-80-pound "junior peewees," on up to 150-pound "giant bantams"—nomenclature differs regionally).

The kids must wear suspension helmets, face guards, mouthpieces, hip and kidney pads, cleats (or sneakers) and thigh and knee guards. For the most part they play their games on regulation fields, with paid adult officials. Injuries are said to be minimal; some coaches would have you think they are nonexistent. The figures are indeed impressive—one broken bone in 17 years of play in Pop Warner ball in Boston, etc. Certainly, trussed up the way they are, and incapable at seven or so of delivering many foot-pounds of force per square inch, the kids are relatively safe. The only danger would seem to be muscle and eye strain from lugging home and studying the thick pro-type playbooks some pro-minded coaches dispense.

There is a long list of "name" coaches who have been, or are, in the program. Former LSU halfback and ex-pro Ray Coates and Dr. Les Horvath, the Heisman Trophy winner from Ohio State, coach kids. So do Charlie Doud, star tackle at UCLA, and Leon Clarke, an ex-USC and Rams end. Many other coaches have played at the college, or at least the high school, level or have learned a lot watching weekend games on television. The latter pick it up as they go along, together with fanatical enthusiasm for kids' football. That Boston coach (Lombardi-Rockne) was quoted by the *Globe* as saying the three things in his life he is proudest of are his family, the Marine Corps and his association with Pop Warner football. Others take their glory where they find it. One San Francisco coach's claim to fame is that some years ago, while holding tryouts on a patch of grass near Kezar Stadium, he selected a dozen players and told O.J. Simpson to go home.

The animal clubs—Elks,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.



Lions *et al*—put money into the act, as do dry-cleaning establishments, mortuaries, taco emporia and pest-control firms. Around Boston, Pop Warner has franchises in 40 communities, each operating on an annual budget of about $17,000. There are 2,448 players on 115 teams in the Minneapolis Park Board lineup. In the Detroit area 200 teams play in three counties. In Southern California exact figures are not kept, but estimates range from 800 to 1,000 teams, or about 30,000 players. Outside Kansas City, Johnson County, Kans. has a 40-acre complex on which 11 games can be played simultaneously, two under lights at night. As many as 10,000 fans may turn out for the Saturday program, to say nothing of 1,500 girl cheerleaders. Houston has 11 separate booster clubs soliciting donations, publishing game programs and conducting dances and raffles to maintain two stadiums. Individual clubs sell advertising space on the fences, and seven adults are assigned to take up collections and maintain order at each game. In Illinois, kids' league banquets are said to be more elaborate than those of many high school or college teams. Trophies and gifts are passed out like supermarket flyers. The boys' pictures appear on the place mats. "It's too much," says the athletic director at a high school in Elgin, who also says he sometimes wonders what it's all about.

There have, of course, been many salubrious side effects of the kids' league phenomenon, according to its advocates. *The New York Times* reported some years ago that delinquency was truly on the wane in Westchester County because of the lessons being learned on the playing fields of Scarsdale. Dean Rusk was seen there, coaching his son in the kicking of a football. Entire communities have mobilized around their little Packers or Redskins. In Levittown, on Long Island, community spirit seized and uplifted (by prop jet) 25 parents who escorted their 12-year-old heroes to a Daytona Beach "bowl" game. Travel money was gleaned from door-to-door candy sales and by putting the touch on local merchants.



Teams have been sent to other midget bowls—to the Steeler in Fontana, Calif.; the Junior Liberty in Memphis; the Junior Orange in Miami; the Auto in Grosse Pointe, Mich.; the Carnation Milk, Santa Claus, Sunshine, Piggy Bank and Mighty Mite bowls elsewhere. Several years ago a Pop Warner team from Marin County, Calif. was flown, with parents, to the Honolulu Bowl, at a cost of $10,000. The money was raised by public subscription, much to the consternation of some stick-in-the-muds who reasoned that the money could have financed three more teams, or 105 boys, in regional competition. The junketeers didn't help matters by allocating $500 to an all-parents cocktail party.

Detractors of midget football have not been heard from much lately, but there are still some around. They include George Welsh, the Navy coach and ex-All-America quarterback, who said right out the other day that he was "absolutely opposed" to it. Welsh thinks organized football is too tough a game, physically, mentally and emotionally, for 8- and 9-year-old children, and that they become mired in it too early. "A kid becomes a tackle at eight and he stays a tackle the rest of his life," Welsh says. "How could that be much fun? At his age he should be learning *all* the skills. He should learn to throw and catch and run with the ball."

Pickup games would be better, Welsh believes, because football presents unique problems in this respect. A Little League baseball player, no matter what his position, gets to throw, catch, hit and run bases. All basketball players get to dribble, pass and shoot the ball. Football—formal, 11-men-to-a-side, blood-and-guts football—could be played with a pecan waffle as far as offensive tackles or guards are concerned. They wouldn't have to know the difference. This truth is not lost on the kids, though some do prefer to hide in a position that will not draw much attention (or criticism). And perhaps there are others who view it as did 12-year-old George Kinkead of St. Paul, who was put at offensive guard a couple of seasons ago and came home in tears. "They got me playing the position that pays the least," he wailed.

Larry Csonka went out to watch a boys' team practice one afternoon in Fort Lauderdale and was appalled. Csonka is not a man who recoils from spilled blood, his or anybody else's, but he was horrified by little league football. "The coaches didn't know much about what they were doing," he said. "They just yelled a lot. They acted like they imagined Lombardi or Shula would act. Why, they had those 8-year-olds running *gassers* [postpractice wind sprints], for crying out loud."

Csonka will not let his two sons play in the kids' leagues. "Take a little kid, put him under the pressure of a big championship game before his parents and his entire world, and it can be very bad for him," he said. "Especially if he loses. The whole country loves football, and so do I. But parents don't stop to

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Kid Football *continued*

consider all the things that can go wrong for a young fellow pushed into that kind of pressure. For one thing, he can come home with a handful of teeth. Worse, he can come home soured on athletics for life."

The problem of the jaded peewee athlete is no laughing matter to Jim Nelson, who has been coaching for 26 years at a small Missouri college. Nelson yearns for the good old days, "not because we did everything right, but because we had fun. Nobody watched us play, and the fact that we played anyway proves we had fun. Now you see kids who've played little league five or six years. By the time they get to high school they've already been to bowl games and all-star games and had all that attention. What's left? It's too bad, because they need football more at the high school level. Not many sixth-graders are exposed to liquor and cars and drugs. High school kids are. They need an interest like football."

The burned-out football player is not unusual, of course, but when Minnesota Viking Center Scott Anderson quit training camp last summer he pointed out that he'd been playing organized football since he was eight and had had a bellyful. It doesn't have to take that long. Gerald Astor, writing in *The New York Times Magazine*, told of a Ridgefield, Conn. 10-year-old with "star potential" who quit because he tired of practicing "every day after school" and of "never having time for myself." And of a 13-year-old who was alienated from his peers by a coach in Westchester who objected to the boy's dad dragging him home to supper at 6:15, since it was 45 minutes before quitting time. "The coach thinks football is the only thing in the world," said the boy. He retired at 13.

A more widely shared complaint against kids' football, one that applies to any regimented kids' sport, is that it brings the virtues of adulthood down upon all those little heads. It is argued that too many parents and coaches are bequeathing to children the same dogged intensities that make them the cocktail-party bores they are today. It is also claimed that many parents eagerly clog the sidelines to hurl profanity at coaches, players and officials. A California psychiatrist once took a tape recorder to a little league football game and set it up near the stands. "You've never heard such vile, vicious language," he said. "With

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clenched fists and livid faces those parents goaded their children with nasty needling [and] yelled at the referee as if he were a criminal!"

Such gung-ho parents flock to the kids' leagues. Or become coaches. In Scarsdale, Gerald Astor wrote, one coach addressed an errant young warrior as "you stupid bastard." Others simply call their irresolute players "stupid," "slowpoke," "dumbass" or, when things are really bad, "crybaby."

As a result, even the less outgoing adults sometimes feel coerced into joining the fun, to protect their interests. Says a little league mom in south Florida, "If you want your kid to play, and not get yelled at too much, you volunteer. Your husband becomes an assistant coach. You become a sideline regular. You run car pools and work refreshment stands. You never get supper on before 8 p.m., and you develop sciatica sitting on fold-up parade stools." Another mother, taking a more direct route, wound up in divorce court after her friendly persuasion made too noticeable an impact on the head coach. The coach said he knew he was hooked when he made her boy—who "ran like a cow on ice"—a starting halfback.

Within what has been described as this "rat's nest of psychological horrors," it is not unusual for a child to have his parent and/or coach falsify his birth certificate to get him into a favored division, one in which he might excel. Or submit to starvation diets to make a weight. One coach in Florida says that he sees these kids "flying around so high on diet pills they can barely tell you their names."

A parent can ruin his son early, according to one Kansas City child psychiatrist, "by making him feel like a scrunge for not playing football" when the son might be more inclined toward the piccolo. But the coach deserves as much credit; and coach and father may be one and the same. Chuck Ortmann, the former Michigan All-America who quit as chairman of a league in Glen Ellyn, Ill. in which strife and debate over recruiting violations had long been rampant (a fist to the lip of a league official ended one discussion), believes that if kids' football does not turn boys into men, it certainly turns men into boys. "They want to win at any cost," he says. "They tell their players, 'Go out there and break that guy's arm.' They won't even let all their kids

continued

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play. Forty on a team, but only 11 or 14 play much."

One poignant protest from a little league mom appeared in a recent letter to *The Miami Herald*. Her son's coach screamed at referees, screamed into the faces of the boys and, worst of all, allowed only 12 of his 18 players to play. She wrote, "The other boys sat on the bench for the second week in a row, not being allowed in for even one play. These are 11-year-olds who give up every night of the week to practice, come home late, tired, dirty, hungry, but with the thought it will be worth it when they play on Saturday. Ha." In Minneapolis, adults running one "midget" division silenced this kind of insubordination by waiving the must-play rule for 12- and 13-year-olds. By that age, said a suburban little league official, the inferior players "know it's not their sport."

With so much riding on the outcome—bowl bids, adult egos, bragging rights at the local pub—it was predictable that violence would creep into kids' football, and last month in Kissimmee, Fla. a mob of adults attacked four coaches of a winning team of 12-year-olds with clubs and pipes, sending one coach to the hospital. A cry from the crowd, "He's dead!" apparently satisfied the mob and it withdrew just before the police arrived. The coach was not dead, only unconscious for four hours. One little league pop in Miami got into a fistfight with a coach who wasn't playing his son at his idea of the right position. A coach in Palm Beach strode to the center of the field after a particularly heartbreaking loss and extended his hand to the star player of the rival team, then punched him in the stomach, knocking him down. When he realized what he had done, the coach did not wait to be suspended. He quit.

Such incidents have caused massive end sweeps into the nearest circuit court, where big-league litigation is the next thing the little fellows are taught. The Optimist Athletic Conference has twice been to court in Miami in recent months, once when an entire 250-player group was expelled and again when a coach was suspended for threatening a commissioner. The teams won reinstatement; the coach did not.

In 1963 *The New York Times* used the word "grotesque" to describe a kids' bowl game it covered on Long Island, and LIFE Magazine pointed out that the American Academy of Pediatrics was opposed to little guys banging each other about because of the vulnerability of their epiphyses (the soft bone tips where growth originates). Deformities were said to be around the corner. LIFE added that the greater danger was psychological. "In sandlot ball you can always pick up and go home," it quoted a Big Ten physician as saying, "but in this game you must remain in competition. You must make your blocks and tackles. This can make a boy wary of competitive sports—either because of sheer boredom or because he's afraid."

It would seem the campaign against boredom is one that coaches must wage relentlessly in kids' leagues. When the trains pass, the kids stop and watch; when the planes go over, they stare. "Let a fire truck go by and it's Looney Tunes," says Dickie Maegle, a star halfback at Rice in the '50s now coaching little leaguers in Houston. "Suddenly they're out of it. I've seen 'em so excited at kickoff, with the crowds yelling and bands playing, that the kicker completely missed the ball. I've seen 'em running for a touchdown when their pants fell to their knees. I've seen crepe paper draped down from the cross bar and when the kids tried to run through, they fell down."

Maegle is one of those muddled thinkers who do not object to this kind of foolishness. He thinks kids ought to be allowed to act like kids. So does Galen Fiss, an ex-Browns linebacker. The other day in Kansas City one of Fiss' linemen came out of the huddle hopping and skipping to the scrimmage line. "For an instant, our coaches were horrified," said Fiss. "That's not the way you're supposed to approach the line. Then we realized, he's a 10-year-old kid! That's his way of having fun."

Bob Cupp is a 35-year-old father of two, self-described as having a Charlie Brown head under a Buster Brown haircut. He lives in Tequesta, Fla., a punt and a pass up the waterway from Palm Beach. An all-sports star in high school, Cupp went to the University of Miami on a baseball scholarship, played quarterback on his service football team (coaching high school football on the side), became a professional golfer and then a golf-course designer. He is still a golf-course designer, for Jack Nicklaus, out of Nicklaus' Golden Bear offices in North Palm Beach. Cupp is also a professional illustrator, and he sings professionally as well as in the church choir.

Bob Cupp is one of those curious people who love small children, even their own. His only other weakness is that he enjoys coaching children, even other people's. He somehow finds time for this year round: kids' football, basketball and baseball. Cupp smiles and laughs a lot, as though he might know something about life that no one else knows.

He has been coaching little league football in both the Miami and Palm Beach areas for six years—his son Bobby, 11, was recently described in a local paper as a "grizzled veteran," which the Cupps thought was pretty hilarious—and has some revolutionary ideas about what ought to be done with kids' football, some of which he has put to the test. Cupp thinks that most coaches are not necessary, that referees are not necessary, and that parents are not necessary, except in a strict biological-familial sense. He also thinks every kid should get to touch the ball every game—throw it, catch it, run with it. But Cupp has learned to accept, or at least anticipate, the game as it is in the small time.

"We had a coach in one league who had access to diet pills," he says. "The kids could get them for nothing. You never saw such a hyper bunch. But one of 'em was a lost cause. He came to the weigh-in in his daddy's heavy rubber suit, his face red with sweat. He looked like a cherry sticking out of a duffel bag. When he took off his sweat suit, his poor fat little body was pink as a salmon, but he missed by four pounds.

"Parents will allow their kids to go through any torture to play. This fall the boy who'd been kingpin of the 80-pound league for two years tried to make the weight again. He dieted and dieted and still weighed 86. The coaches told him he was good enough to move up to the next division. His parents said no. The boy didn't think he was good enough. He quit. He couldn't face not being the star anymore.

"Coaches are as guilty as parents. One I know decided to give his team a little boost by injecting a stimulant—Benzedrine, Dexedrine, something—into the oranges he always fed them before a game. He used a hypodermic and kept upping the dosage. After the third or fourth game the players started com-

continued

plaining of headaches and throwing up. The coach later admitted to me what he'd done, but at the time everybody blamed the oranges.

"Most of the coaches I have seen, more than half, I'd guess, haven't even had high school experience. They teach a lot of things wrong, even fundamentals like stances and handoffs and blocks. They see something on TV, and even though they don't understand it they try to put it in. I had a guy try to use an end-in-motion on us. I pointed it out to the referee, and he laughed and threw his flag. The coach came running over. 'What the hell,' he said. 'The Cowboys do it, why can't we?' The ref explained that it wasn't the end the Cowboys had in motion, it was the flankerback.

"The sad thing is, the really qualified guy isn't always the best for kids. Can't always relate. We had one last year who had all the credentials and loved the game, but he was a wild man. He reduced his team to tears daily. I've seen him, and others, too, manhandle kids, pick them up and throw them around. He'd yell things at 'em like 'You're gonna block if I have to kick your ass all afternoon!' The kids were 8-year-olds. They'd just turn to jelly, walk off the field crying. Another coach criticized him one time for not playing some of his lesser kids. He said, 'Why should I play kids who look up at the sky and chew grass while everybody else is sucking up their guts in practice?' The other coach said, 'Maybe if the kids played more they wouldn't look at the sky so much.'

"We had a rule that the son of a father or legal guardian who is coaching has to play for his father or guardian. I looked up one day and a coach was trying to add somebody's grandmother to his coaching staff—a black woman with gray hair who happened to have three of the best players in the area living in her home. Two were brothers and one a cousin, all of them little O.J.s, just the right age. A gold mine. Grandma was their legal guardian. When the coach announced at the league meeting his plan to add her to his staff, the place went up in smoke. You never heard such carrying on. He finally withdrew his motion.

"This one really ticked me off. One of our less charitable coaches had a kid who was kinda lousy and the coach didn't want to play him. We have this must-play rule where every player is supposed to play a series every quarter. I let mine play longer so the poorer players can improve, but some don't think along those lines. Anyway, this guy worked out a scheme whereby he'd send the poor player, No. 50, say, in with, say, No. 60. The woman who checks the substitutes—we call her the watchdog—checks off 50 and 60, coming in. Then as soon as 50 gets to the huddle he turns around and runs back off with the player 60 was sent in for.

"The watchdog wasn't asked to check who went out, only who went in. No. 50 never played. And nobody caught on till the fourth or fifth game, after his team had won four straight. The watchdog who spotted it couldn't believe her eyes. She asked the boy if he'd played at all. 'No,' he said, 'I just run in and out.'

"The league called a special meeting to decide whether to forfeit the team's games or suspend the coach, or both. The league president made a good case for throwing the coach out. Then the team's sponsor got up. He waved his checkbook over his head and announced that if the decision went against his team in any way, his sponsorship would be withdrawn. He was serious, too. The league needed sponsors. The question never came to a vote."

Another challenge, says Cupp, is those pretty young mamas who want junior to play quarterback or some other glamour position. "They're not always subtle about it; they can come on pretty strong. When I see it coming I always start talking about my wife and kids, but I've known it to get pretty rough for some guys. Mama comes around in a tight pair of pants and a halter and wants to engage in a philosophical discussion about football. At her place.

"Fathers try to influence you, too, but they have to do it the hard way. Some of them lug big coolers of beer around and stash them behind the stands on a hot day so the coach can sneak back for a short one now and then. A couple beers and the coach is calling for his kid, to put him in."

Cupp says he has not escaped the behavioral pattern of kids' league coaches in one respect, no one seems to be free of bad temper. "I let my whole team have it after a loss a few years ago because I thought they'd given up, the one thing I told them I wouldn't tolerate. I chewed 'em out pretty good. When I got home afterward my son handed me his jersey and said he was now an ex-linebacker. He said he couldn't play for a crazy man. I got the message.

"In another game, on the very first play, a coach sprang a sneak play on us and scored. One of those sideline passes without a huddle. The receiver was all by himself. A sandlot play, but legal, and great. I should have just laughed. Instead, I blew my top. Ran out on the field, complaining and yelling at the ref. A regular buffoon. My ego had been hurt, see. I'd been had. And I wound up getting my kids so riled up they just poured it on and won 39–6. The other coach hasn't spoken to me since, and I don't blame him."

Cupp believes that "coaches and their personalities, the way they relate or don't relate" is the crux of what is wrong with little league football. "Coaches don't get along, don't even try. It rubs off. The drive to win is so great the kids don't learn anything. The Lombardi philosophy is ridiculous at this level. Losing isn't death, winning isn't everything. The idea is to have *fun*. Period. If a kid isn't, if he's not enjoying it and quits, the coach should ask himself, 'Would he have quit if I'd done a better job?'"

"Last year in our league I proposed a selection process to make our teams more nearly even. The idea was foreign to everybody, but my boys had won everything the year before, so the other coaches listened. We had a get-acquainted clinic, and all the coaches rated all the kids on a scale of one to 10. Then we sat down with the commissioner, right out on the field, and drew for teams. And something happened to those coaches. We got along great the whole year. The league was tight, and I think we all had fun. I know my kids did. You'd see 'em during a game running back to the huddle and sliding in on their knee pads. It didn't look like the Dolphins, but it was fun.

"Our practices were chaos. Half the time I'd just tell 'em to go over there and play pickup. They should be playing more and practicing less, anyway—playing three or four games a week instead of seven or eight a season. Practicing one-on-one, hitting dummies—that's a drag. A kid wants to play. Lord knows, he's going to find less time for it later on."

Cupp believes that if everyone involved would step back and take a look at what is going on, most of these problems would be solved. Parents, he says,

continued

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should stay home. At least in the lower levels of kids' football. "A preadolescent has a great need to please his parents, and his failures shouldn't be scrutinized. Just being watched puts pressure on a kid. Maybe by the time he reaches the ninth grade he can bear it. Maybe."

Fathers, suggests father/coach Cupp, should not coach. Not if their sons are in the league. "Fewer coaches would be better all around. At the youngest level one good coach could easily handle four teams. Two coaches at the most, providing encouragement, teaching a few techniques, refereeing the fights. Even officiating. Coaches could be impartial referees if the parents weren't breathing down their necks. And kids should get the idea that games can be played on the square without having to pay a policeman. A lot of our officials are just in it for the money, anyway.

"After kids advance to the older leagues, they still don't need more than two coaches per team. Qualified guys, though, who've played the game, who know at least enough not to teach them things that could hurt. The idea is to let a kid learn more on his own. Developing talent is really a kid's responsibility, not an adult's. A kid learns by playing, by imitating. The last thing they need is an unqualified coach messing them up."

The most radical of Cupp's proposals, his favorite and the one he knows is not going to get him elected little league coach of the year, is the one whereby every player gets a shot at glory by playing a position in which he actually handles the ball. Cupp says coaches laughed when he suggested the idea last fall. Later, "when we were running them out of the ball park," they quit laughing.

"I used to see stagnation set in when kids were relegated to a position like guard or tackle for the whole year. It was like a sentence. Before long, many of the linemen wouldn't even show up for practice. They were usually the smallest guys, anyway—that's the way it works in the little leagues—and what did they need with extra punishment? They were getting enough on Saturday. I couldn't blame 'em. They were typecast. One coach used to bring a roll of masking tape to practice and slap GUARD or TACKLE on the players' helmets, like a brand.

"Let's face it. Running the ball, throwing it, catching a pass, making touchdowns—those are the things kids think of as football. Sustained drives and quality blocking they may think about later, when they're in high school, but for now they don't and shouldn't have to. We're not a feeder system for the high school coaches."

A recent questionnaire gave league kids a choice of playing for a losing team or sitting on the bench for a winner, and they voted almost unanimously to play. "They'd rather play than sit any day," says Cupp. "Busting into the line with the ball can be an unforgettable experience for a fat little kid who will never get the chance again. Next year he may be a guard for good.

"So I worked out my rotation system this way. With my 15 players, I drew up three different offensive teams. Each player, every game, would have to play three positions: a ball-handling position such as halfback, quarterback, fullback, a receiver, and an interior lineman. The more talented players got to play two ball-handling positions, but every kid got a chance at at least one.

"Funny things happened. The parents objected, some of them. Some of the kids objected, too. One kid refused to play anything but center. He said he didn't want to goof up. But after a while even the prima donnas came to realize there was more to football than being the star and everybody else blocking.

"One coach, a good friend of mine, said what I was doing was impossible. 'You're nuts,' he said. He beat us pretty good the first time we tried it. Then, when we got rolling, we beat him 20-0. He said, 'Maybe you got something.'

"The thing is, it was fun for the kids, and fun for me. I can't tell you the kick I get seeing a kid discover the joys of football. When I was coaching the real little guys, the peewees, I'd see one show up on the first day, thigh pads hanging over his knees, knee pads around his shins, shoulder pads on backward with the underarm straps under his crotch. He didn't know a linebacker from a carburetor. He wasn't interested in 'sticking' anybody. He didn't even know what that was.

"And then when he ran his first sweep it was a problem just holding onto the ball. But he excited you with the possibilities. You watched him run, all wide-eyed and open-mouthed, with a smile on his face. It's a joy.

"The trick," says Bob Cupp, "is to keep him smiling." **END**

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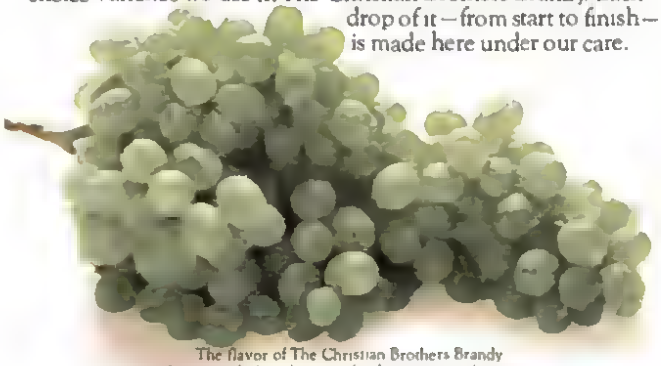
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The Pot Still. From an 18th century French engraving.

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The Cooper. From an 18th century French engraving.

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Cellarmaster, The Christian Brothers
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A FEW TIPS ON WHEN AND HOW TO SERVE OUR BRANDY

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With coffee, or in coffee: Try Venetian Coffee (1 oz. brandy in a cup or glass of hot coffee, with sugar to taste, topped with whipped cream)—or a Mexicali (1 part coffee liqueur with 2 parts brandy served over lots of cracked ice).

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The whole idea behind Holiday Inn is to get rid of surprises. Because when you're away from home, we know that the best surprise is no surprise at all.

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'76 Vega conquers

60,000 MILES

Death Valley Engine Durability Run demonstrates the

Day-and-night driving, with daytime heat as high as 122°.

August 1, 1975: three 1976 Vegas begin an Engine Durability Run over the heat-shimmering roads of the California and Nevada deserts.

The route: a rugged 349-mile loop, including Death Valley. Laps were run day and night, through daytime temperatures as high as 122°, and through elevations from 160 feet below sea level to 5,493 feet above sea level.





The objective: demonstrate Vega's engine durability and the effectiveness of its cooling system in the searing heat in and around Death Valley.

On September 30, 1975, we achieved that objective: in less than 60 days, 60,000 miles each on three 1976 Vegas—a total of 180,000 miles *—without a single major problem* to any Vega engine or cooling system. Mechanical reliability exceeded even our own expectations: other than maintenance items, the only engine part replaced was one timing belt.

Durability Run results certified by the U.S. Auto Club.

The United States Automobile Club oversaw all maintenance and sealed engine compartments between driver changes. They kept a complete log of everything done and documented the results.

In 180,000 total miles, the only coolant added was approximately 24 ounces. That's roughly three 8-oz. glasses of water.

Engine maintenance was adjusted for dust conditions.



This much coolant added during Run.



GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

the desert.

IN 60 DAYS.

1976 Vega Dura-Built engine is built to take it.

The Vega Dura-Built. An engine so durable it carries a 5-year/ 60,000-mile guarantee.

This 5-year/60,000-mile guarantee is an added value feature included in your 1976 Vega car.

The Chevrolet guarantee covers 60,000 miles or 5 years, whichever occurs first. The guarantee is for 1976 Vegas equipped with 4-cylinder, 140-cubic-inch engines. It means that should something go wrong with the engine, your Chevy dealer will fix it free. The guarantee covers repairs to the cylinder block, cylinder head, all internal engine parts, intake and exhaust manifolds, and water pump, made necessary because of defects in materials or workmanship. It does not cover repairs required because of accident, misuse or lack of proper maintenance.

See your Chevy dealer for a complete guarantee statement.

A 60,000-mile guarantee. That's 11,500 miles longer than Volkswagen, Toyota and Datsun *combined*.

One of the Dura-Built's newest features is hydraulic valve lifters. They'll help your 1976 Vega engine run more quietly than previous Vega engines.

To give your new Vega engine improved oil circulation, the Dura-Built engine has separate passages for crankcase ventilation and oil return.



Vega's aluminum alloy pistons are coated with enough iron to give your 1976 Vega a durable engine in terms of piston wear characteristics.

Should the unexpected occur, there's even an early warning system that tells you when the cooling system is a pint low.

Is the Vega Dura-Built engine built to take it? Don't take our word for it. Ask Death Valley.



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Chevrolet



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 3-9

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA A league record 26,511 cheered the New Orleans Jazz to a sixth straight win, 113–110 over Los Angeles, with Pete Maravich scoring 30 and late-blooming Center Otto Moore controlling the boards. Superdome attendance was 21,189 for New Orleans' next game, a 94–90 loss to Cleveland. Washington trails the Jazz in the Central Division after losing in double overtime to Milwaukee 99–95. Earlier the Bullets had beaten Cleveland 113–96 and Seattle 110–100, behind the high scoring of Elvin Hayes. Calvin Murphy tallied 33 as Houston knocked off New York 119–106, and Rudy Tomjanovich continued to fire the Rockets by scoring 13 third-quarter points in a 116–112 win over Cleveland. Detroit dominates the Midwest despite losses to Milwaukee 103–101, and Boston 118–104, having beaten Chicago 124–122 its closest contender. Milwaukee reversed its losing trend by beating Detroit 103–101, Boston 104–101 and Washington 99–95. In the Atlantic Division, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Boston are tied with five wins and two losses. The Knicks trail after dropping road games to Houston, Golden State 111–96, Los Angeles 105–97 and Portland 115–96. Philadelphia dealt Buffalo its first loss 121–114, although Bob McAdoo continued his rampage by scoring 41 points and grabbing 19 rebounds. The 76ers won three times, George McGinnis scoring 33 points in a 103–99 victory over Phoenix. The Celtics continued their winning pace in a 105–95 defeat of Buffalo. Pacific-leading Golden State brought rookie Gus Williams off the bench to score 19 against New York and a game-high 24 in the Warriors' 114–106 defeat of division rival Los Angeles. The only Laker win came behind Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's 40-point, 22-rebound performance against the Knicks. Seattle lost to Detroit 124–107, Washington 110–100 and Atlanta 107–94. Portland's Bill Walton sat out the week with a sprained ankle, but rookie Guard Lionel (Train) Hollins returned to help the Trailblazers beat Kansas City 92–88, after a 98–97 loss to Atlanta.

ABA The Virginia Squires lost Coach Al Bianchi, and their next two games, to San Diego 118–104 and Indiana 104–100 under the interim direction of injured All-Star Guard Mack Calvin. In Bianchi's six frustrating seasons the Squires allowed such notables as Rick Barry, Julius Erving, Charlie Scott, George Gervin and Swen Nater to slip away while compiling a 186-241 record, six of the losses occurring in the first seven games of this season. Eastern Division leader Kentucky played once, beating San Diego 104–99. The New York Nets topped Indiana 119–102, then rallied to beat the Spirits at St. Louis 118–117 after missing their first 18 shots and trailing by 27 points in the second quarter. The game drew 5,450, the biggest home crowd so far this season, but with attendance averaging just under 2,500 there are rumors that the Spirits may move, possibly to Cincinnati. The Denver Nuggets moved into first place in the Western Division, defeating New York 128–121 before a record Nugget regular-season crowd of 17,069. Center Dan Issel poured in 33 points. Against Utah, Denver rookie David Thompson hit for 26 and Issel 23 including a jumper and layup with seconds left to break a tie and clinch the 111–105 win. Indiana Forward Billy Knight, who began the week with a league high scoring average of 34.6, was held to 16 by the Nets in the Pacers' 119–102 loss.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL Closing fast on its seventh NFC Central title in eight years, undefeated Minnesota crushed Atlanta 38–0 behind Chuck Foreman's three touchdowns and an alert defense that forced eight Falcon turnovers. Green Bay and Chicago met for the 112th time, the Bears winning 27–14. Detroit downed winless Cleveland 21–10. Pittsburgh beat Houston 24–17 as Quarterback Terry Bradshaw threw three touchdown passes, two for eight yards and the last one 21 yards to John Stallworth with 38 seconds left to play (*page 22*). Cincinnati remained tied with the Steelers for the AFC Central lead, edging Denver 17–16 on a one-yard touchdown run by Bobbie Clark. Washington Quarterback Billy Kilmer was injured late in the first half, but reliever Randy Johnson marched the Redskins to two fourth-quarter touchdowns and a 21–13 win over the New York Giants, his former team. St. Louis beat Philadelphia on the last play, a 30-yard field goal by Jim Bakken. Buffalo dropped farther behind AFC leader Miami, losing to Baltimore 42–35 while the Dolphins beat the New York Jets 27–7. Oakland tallied seven touchdowns to whomp New Orleans 48–10 and remain atop the AFC West. San Diego is still winless, losing to New England 33–19. Los Angeles holds a comfortable lead in the NFC West, despite losing to San Francisco 24–23 when 49er Steve Mike-Mayer booted a 54-yard field goal with 38 seconds to go.

GOLF—SHELLY HAMLIN won the $100,000 Japan Classic at Osaka, her first LPGA victory, firing a two-under 71 on the final round for a 54-hole total 218 to beat Hollis Stacy by one stroke.

PRO HOCKEY—NHL Even Phil Esposito, newest and noblest Ranger of them all, could not bring home a victory as Seal Right Wing Gary Sabourin scored four times (two more than Esposito) in California's 7–5 win over refurbished New York Center Esposito and Defenseman Carol Vadnais had come to New York from Boston in trade for Brad Park, the Rangers' captain and all-time defensive scoring leader. Center Jean Ratelle and minor-league Defenseman Joe Zanussi. Said Harry Sinden, Bruin general manager, "The Rangers needed goals, we needed some defensemen." But then, defense notwithstanding, division-leading Buffalo beat the Bruins 4–0 behind the first shutout in six years for Gerry Desjardins. And, for the Rangers, life went on as before; they lost 3–1 to Los Angeles, losing Esposito in the second period with an injured ankle. Despite the return of Bobby Orr and the addition of Park and Ratelle, Boston could do no better, losing 4–2 to Vancouver. Philadelphia appeared complacent, tying Chicago 4–4 and Los Angeles 1–1. The New York Islanders ended Philadelphia's 22-game home-ice unbeaten streak by outscoring the Flyers 4–3. In the Norris Division Los Angeles was unbeaten in its last seven games and Montreal defeated Buffalo 3–2, Atlanta 3–1 and Detroit 5–0 to create a two-team race for the lead. Detroit lost twice, first to Toronto 7–3 with Forward Dan Maloney being charged with assault for a fight with Leaf Defenseman Brian Glennie (*page 16*), and 5–0 to Montreal. After tying the Flyers, Chicago defeated Pittsburgh 7–5 to remain the only Smythe Division team with more wins than losses.

WHA After a brief hospital stay to treat a spider bite Left Wing Mark Howe rejoined the Aeros and stung Minnesota with three goals in the first period in a 6–4 victory. Houston notched its fourth straight win by defeating Phoenix 5–3, to share the lead in the West. Denver remained winless at home, tying Cleveland 2–2 and losing to Quebec 5–3 and San Diego 3–2 in overtime. The Winnipeg Jets edged the New England Whalers 3–2 in overtime. Jet Left Wing Bobby Hull, after assuring worriers that he was not returning to the NHL Black Hawks, scored his fifth goal. Quebec won three times and passed the Jets to lead the division. The Cowboys were undefeated in their last four starts, tying San Diego 4–4, beating Quebec 4–2 and Cleveland 5–2. Toronto fell deeper into the cellar, losing by a one-goal margin three times, to Indianapolis 4–3, Edmonton 5–4 in overtime and Minnesota 4–3. New England moved into first in the East by beating the Cincinnati Stingers 8–3, but before the two clubs played again the Whalers lost to Phoenix 3–2, and the Stingers sank the San Diego Mariners 7–4 to regain the lead. The Stingers won the rematch, beating New England 4–2.

HORSE RACING—Nobiliary ($7) won the $150,000 Washington, D.C. International in 2:31⅘ over the 1½-mile course at Laurel, beating Comtesse de Loire by three-quarters of a length and leading a one-two-three French sweep (*page 70*).

SAILING—GREAT BRITAIN II shattered a 106-year-old mark by 42 hours by covering the 13,900 miles from London to Sydney in 67 days, four hours, 10 minutes and 11 seconds. The 72-foot ketch finished 6½ hours ahead of France's *Kriter II*.

TENNIS—ADRIANO PANATTA of Italy upset Jimmy Connors 4–6, 6–3, 7–5 to win the $100,000 Stockholm Open. Panatta had beaten Arthur Ashe in straight sets in the quarterfinals.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED To manage the Milwaukee Brewers, ALEX GRAMMAS, 49, Cincinnati Reds third-base coach since 1970. He will replace Del Crandall, who was fired on the last day of the season.

SIGNED By the Toronto Argonauts of the Canadian Football League, ANTHONY DAVIS, former USC All-America running back who led the WFL in scoring and rushing, to a $1 million, five-year contract.

DIED ALRICK H. MAN JR., 83, nonplaying captain of the U.S. team that won the Davis Cup from 1947–49, of a heart attack, in Greenwich, Conn.

DIED ANNETTE KELLERMAN SULLIVAN, 87, who built a show business career on one triumph, a 26-mile swim down the Thames, in Southport, Australia. Though she failed in three subsequent English Channel attempts, she starred for years in movies, stage and water shows as the "Million-Dollar Mermaid" and in 1907 was "banned in Boston" for appearing in a one-piece bathing suit.

CREDITS

4—Don Moss. 24, 25—Eric Schweikardt (2), At Sutterwhite Camera 5. 26—Eric Schweikardt. At Sutterwhite Camera 5 (2). 40, 41—Jerry Cabucik. 60—Carl Dewar Topeka Capital Journal. 70—Barton Silverman. 78—Tony Tr olo. 103—S. Finzi, II.

FACES IN THE CROWD



SUSAN GRAHAM, sophomore captain of the Yale women's tennis team, beat teammate Karen Feldman 6-2, 6-3 to win the New England Intercollegiate tournament. Graham avenged her loss to another Eli, Lisa Rosenblum, in last year's finals.



DAVID OVERSTREET, a junior running back for undefeated Big Sandy (Texas) High School, has averaged 235 yards per game and scored 42 touchdowns in nine games. The 6'1" 194-pounder also plays cornerback and has come up with six interceptions.

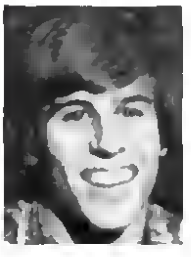




SID CICHY, 53, and his son **JOE CICHY,** 26, both high school football coaches in North Dakota, guided their teams into this year's Class A state playoffs. Sid has coached at Fargo Shanley for 28 years, winning the state championship seven of the last eight and compiling a 210-38-2 record. Joe's three-year record at Bismarck St. Mary's is 16-10. This year is the first that his team made the playoffs. St. Mary's lost to Fargo North 13–12 in the first round of the playoffs, while Fargo Shanley won its fourth straight championship, defeating Fargo North 35–16.



NANCY DEAN, a senior at North Muskegon (Mich.) High, has scored 1,067 points in nearly four years of varsity basketball. The 5'4" guard had a personal high of 35 points in a 53–44 win over Hart High and has averaged 22 points per game this season.



PAT BUDNY, a senior at Cathedral Preparatory, Erie, Pa., was the first to swim Lake Erie, covering the 31 miles from Long Point, Canada, to Presque Isle, Pa., in 25 hours and 52 minutes. A companion, Tim Hughes, was lifted into the boat after 28 miles.



19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEEING REDS

Sir:

For the most exciting World Series and the greatest single Series game coverage of all time (*Everything Came Up Reds*, Nov. 3), SI's writers and photographers were undeniably up to the occasion and are worthy of their own share of superlatives. The pictures gave me goose bumps all over again.

RICHARD MATHEWS

Altadena, Calif.

Sir:

Ron Fimrite is the best sportswriter around, and the story by George Plimpton was superb.

JOSEPH BALDWIN

Garland, Maine

Sir:

I have to congratulate Ron Fimrite on his excellent article on the most memorable World Series in the history of baseball.

BILL SNOW

Brunswick, Maine

Sir:

The Reds deserve more credit than I thought anyone gave them. They came from behind or tie situations in five of the seven games. True, only four of the five resulted in Cincinnati victories, but surely this shows a ball club with depth; one that wouldn't roll over and die after the heartbreaking loss of Game 6 or from the quick three-run lead attained by the Red Sox in Game 7.

BRIAN FRIEDMAN

Athens, Ohio

Sir:

Ron Fimrite referred to Grover Cleveland Alexander as "old and used up" when he struck out Tony Lazzeri with the bases loaded in the seventh game of the 1926 Series. That he was old there is no doubt (39) but hardly used up: he had won 12 games that year, had already pitched two complete-game victories in the Series and was to go on to two pretty good years. He was 21-10 in 1927 and 16-9 in 1928.

Incidentally, in 1928 the Yankees got some revenge on him in the Series: he lasted only 2⅓ innings in the second game.

DAVID P. HAWKINS

New York City

Sir:

The sight of the Reds' victory celebration at Fenway is something I will never forget. It was a moment of indescribable joy for me, and your great coverage will always help me to relive that moment.

JOHN REODINGTON

Middletown, Ind.

MANMADE MARSHES

Sir:

Robert H. Boyle's article (*The Man Who Makes Marshes*, Oct. 20) implies that Dr. E. W. Garbisch Jr. has conceived, developed and promoted marsh-building practices that are unique and suggests this is an area of environmental concern that had been previously overlooked or neglected by responsible public agencies. Our work here at North Carolina State University on the establishment of new salt marsh predates Garbiseh's activities by about three years.

We do not believe we are overly sensitive in this matter of credit. We think you can see also that the publication of such claims as those in the article is unfair to those who have planned, conducted and reported on these investigations, and the organizations that provided financial support, namely, the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station, the Coastal Engineering Research Center, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, the Office of Sea Grant, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the North Carolina Sea Grant Program, and the North Carolina Center for Marine and Coastal Studies.

We trust that this factual information will be *useful in setting the record straight on* this issue.

W. W WOODHOUSE JR.
Professor of Soil Science
E. D. SENECA
Associate Professor of Botany
S. W. BROOME
Researeh Associate of Soil Science

Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Certainly Edgar W. Garbisch Jr. and his work in nature are sufficiently important to be reported on their own merits. I am surprised, however—and a little disappointed—that author Boyle failed to mention Edgar's football-playing father, Ed Garbisch, an All-America center who graduated from West Point just 50 years ago. In 1954 he was elected to the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame and in 1959 to the Helms Athletic Foundation Hall of Fame.

GORDON CUBBISON

Carmel, Calif.

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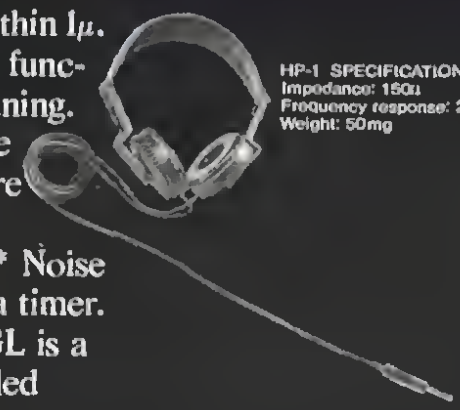
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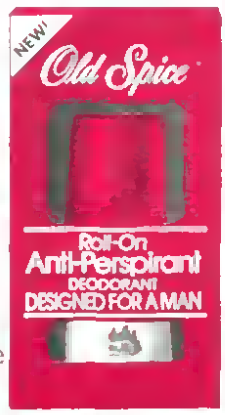
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SHULTON

19TH HOLE

Sir

Robert H. Boyle's salt marsh story is getting much comment here in Washington. You have published the perfect controversy story, one that is being played big by both sides. The Conservation Foundation, National Wildlife Federation and Sport Fishing Institute are circulating the piece to their constituents, the Fertilizer Institute (Mr. Ferd) called me to bring my attention to it. Marshes are great for getting rid of all that horrible super-enrichment!

GEORGE REIGER
Senior Editor
National Wildlife Federation
Washington

NO SURPRISE

Sir

Re Kenny Moore's story (*A Kind of Mexican Standoff*, Nov. 3) on the Pan-Am Games, he states that "Cuba lost . . . to surprising Puerto Rico." Probably only Mr. Moore was surprised. All knowledgeable international basketball fans are quite aware that Puerto Rico's showing throughout the past 16 years has been superb. It has beaten Cuba and almost everyone else consistently.

JORGE BERMUDEZ TORREGROSA
Carolina, P.R.

JOY OF SOCCER

Sir

Sarah Pileggi's story (*The Joys of Discovering a Grand Old Game*, Nov. 3) was a true pleasure. With a motto like AYSO's (Everybody Plays) and your interest, it won't be long until soccer becomes this country's No. 1 game.

ROBERT MANASSE
Lexington, Ky.

NO PAIN

Sir

Re "Down the Drain" (SCORECARD, Nov. 3), the selfishness of the owners, legal problems and Memphis-Birmingham aspirations aside, wouldn't it be grand for the 1976 season if one of the two new NFL expansion teams was permitted to have its first 28 picks from the players of the old WFL and the other to have its first 28 picks from the 1976 college crop?

Such a plan would have immediate box-office potential (no matter where they played)—the WFL and the new college kids against the established NFL teams, rather than the usual years of pain and suffering expected of expansion clubs and the fans who watch them.

BILL L. WILLIAMSON
Sherwood, Ore.

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